

ALL CLASSES OF INSURANCE TRANSACTED

MOTOR UNION INSURANCE COMPANY LTD

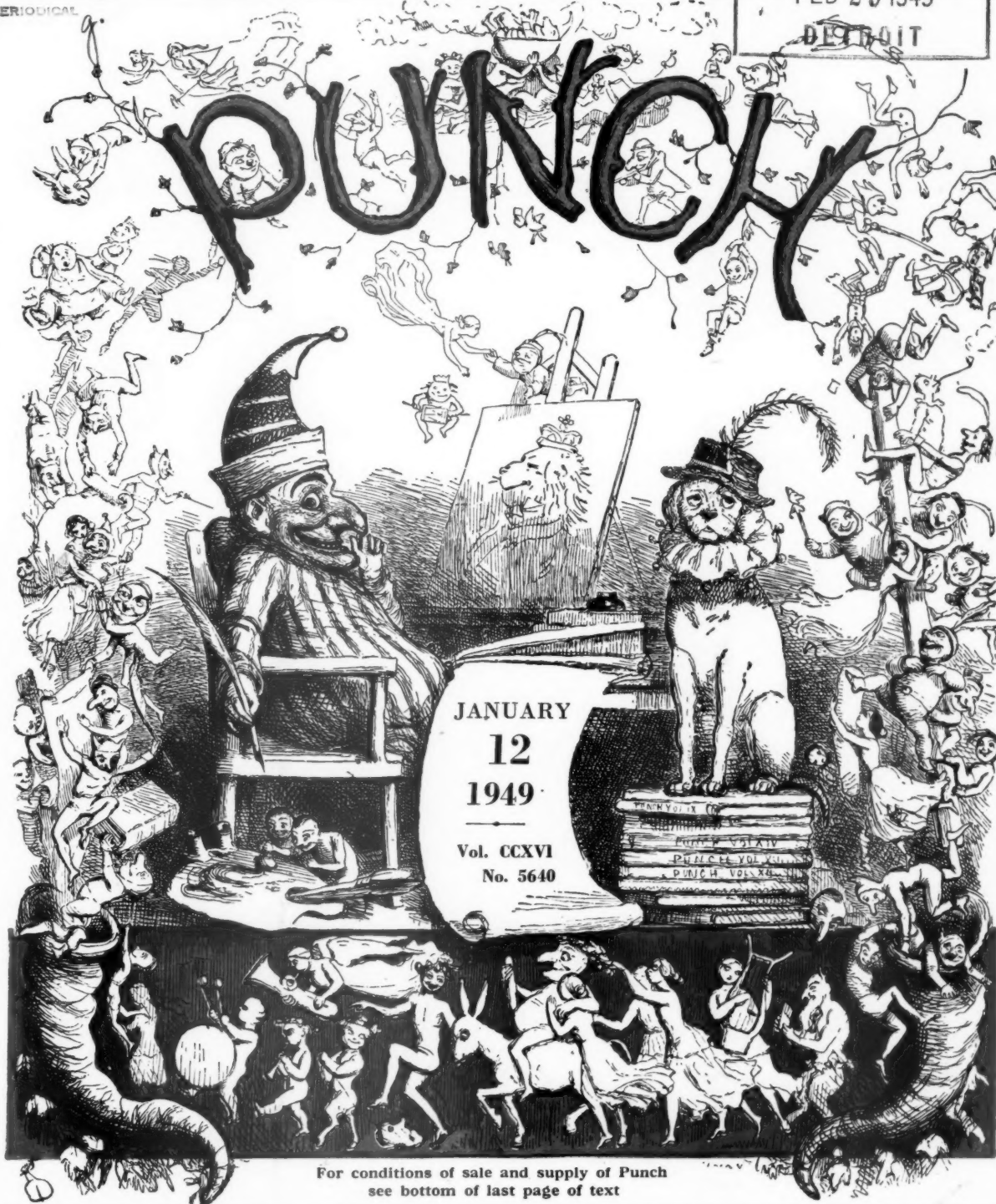
10, ST. JAMES'S STREET, LONDON, S.W.1



FEB 25 1949

DETROIT

PERIODICAL



For conditions of sale and supply of Punch
see bottom of last page of text



Imperial Typewriters

MADE IN
GREAT BRITAIN

Imperial Typewriter Co. Ltd., Leicester

Registered at the General Post Office as a Newspaper. Entered as second-class Mail Matter at the New York, N.Y., Post Office, 1903. Subscription, inclusive of Extra Numbers: Inland Postage 30/- per annum (15/- six months); Overseas 36/6 per annum (Canada 34/- per annum). Postage of this issue: Great Britain and Ireland 1d.; Canada, 1d. Elsewhere Overseas, 1d.

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HARELLA

Created by L. Harris Ltd., 243 Regent St., London, W.1

As light as a
Weston's Cream Cracker!



Eat one plain—with nothing else. It is the only way to know how excellently good are Weston's Cream Crackers. Supplies are limited and are fairly shared by all districts.

Weston's
BISCUITS

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*fine furnishing
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BACKGROUND FOR GRACEFUL LIVING



*I always go the
PERMANENT WAY
to Paris*

FOR
BUSINESS

When I have to be in Paris by breakfast-time I always go by rail. How? I spend a comfortable night on the Ferry without moving from the through "sleeper" from Victoria and arrive just before ten in the morning, well-rested, well-fed. *Right in the heart of Paris, too.* No customs delays and no hotel bill; I can leave Paris again on the "Golden Arrow" at 12.15 and be back in London in time for dinner! How's that for speed and comfort?

For tickets, reservations, etc., apply CONTINENTAL ENQUIRY OFFICE, Victoria Station, London, S.W.1, or principal Travel Agencies.

TRAVEL

London-Paris by

NIGHT
FERRY

BRITISH RAILWAYS

GOLDEN
ARROW



What! Still Winding?

All very well to wind your clocks in the days of powdered wigs and brocaded waistcoats, but Smiths 'Sectric' Clocks are 'the mode' today. They need no winding and are sold by Smiths Stockists.

MODERN PEOPLE

USE

**SMITHS SECTRIC
CLOCKS**



SMITHS ENGLISH CLOCKS LTD • SECTRIC HOUSE, LONDON, N.W.2.
The Clock & Watch Division of S. Smith & Sons (England) Ltd.



Pheasant Shooting

What are they talking about?

No, they're not talking about the "Bag". They are talking about Burrough's Gin. People who really understand, and *really think* about their gin drinks, always try for Burrough's because it is *triple distilled*. This extra refinement makes it soft, smooth and perfectly clean to the palate.

Delicious plain, Burrough's Gin "keeps its place" in even the most delicate cocktails. Prices: 32/4 per bottle; 16/11 per half bottle.



ENJOYED SINCE 1820

BURROUGH'S Gin

IT IS TRIPLE DISTILLED!

JAMES BURROUGH LTD., 75, CALE DISTILLERY, MUTTON ROAD, S.E.11

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The initiative is yours, and The Christian Science Monitor* has a fund of information which will help you if you would care to telephone Temple Bar 2947, asking for extension eight.

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CHRISTIAN SCIENCE
MONITOR** ★

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London Office: CONNAUGHT HOUSE, 163/4, STRAND, W.C.2.



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of chic—
everywhere,
through the week—
implies
she's coupon-wise
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ARISTOCRAT OF STOCKINGS

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come from Norfolk...
but the finest
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SUTTONS

1/3 per bottle (in short supply)

Makers of "Master Touch" Sauce, Fine
Pickles, Canned Goods and Soft Drinks

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of
delicate,
exclusive
and irresistible flavour

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IN a day or so you can be in lovely Nassau,
where the Fort Montagu Beach Hotel offers
you complete rest in perfect surroundings.
Charming rooms with magnificent views, ex-
cellent cuisine, and a return to gracious living.
50 acres of beautiful grounds, expansive pri-
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without any currency or language problems.

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bracing support (steel arch bridge)...
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free from strain (perfectly flat inner-
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for Better
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Simplest
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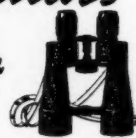


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gives protection and comfort
while you sleep.

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for outdoor use. Simply pull off
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A stimulating ointment—liniment—
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Breathe the vapour ▲ from your
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VAPEX - VOLATOL
Of all Chemists
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Ryvita and Marmalade



FOR BREAKFAST

Build up *resistance* to *infections*

Halibut Liver Oil, as prepared by Angier's, is a rich *natural* source of the 'sunshine' vitamin D and the 'protective' vitamin A. Now is the time to start building up resistance to colds, 'flu, and the infections which winter brings.



The vitamin strength of each capsule is guaranteed by the Angier Laboratory and stated on the label.

100 capsules 7/6. 50 for 4/-. Dose: one capsule twice or thrice daily, or as recommended by the physician.

WITH Angier's HALIBUT LIVER OIL

THE ANGIER CHEMICAL CO., LTD. 86, CLERKENWELL ROAD, LONDON, E.C.1

There's sure delight for the critical palate — and rich refreshment for weariness — in the superb quality of this mellow, heartening stout.



MACKESON'S STOUT
sets you up wonderfully



"... have you saved £40 on your A.O.A. round trip?"

A.O.A. now offer a further 25% reduction on fares (already previously reduced by 10%), for round trips to the United States. For example, the new Excursion fare from London to New York and back is only £115. 16s. — a reduction of over £40 on the normal fare. Fares cover delicious meals and drinks (cocktails, sherry,

Scotch and Rye), served on board every Flagship. There are no tips or extras. These special 30-day round-trip fares will operate from October 1st, 1948 to March 31st, 1949 (trip must be completed by April 30th, 1949), and are from all parts of Europe to New York, Boston or Gander (Newfoundland).

... **another reason why MORE people fly MORE miles by Flagship**

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Reservations and Information from your Local Travel Agent (who makes no charge for obtaining your A.O.A. ticket), or 35, St. James's Street, London, S.W.1. Tel.: GRO 3955

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supplied
with

**LODGE
PLUGS**

Lodge Plugs Ltd., Rugby,
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SHERRIES from the famous
BRISTOL CELLARS

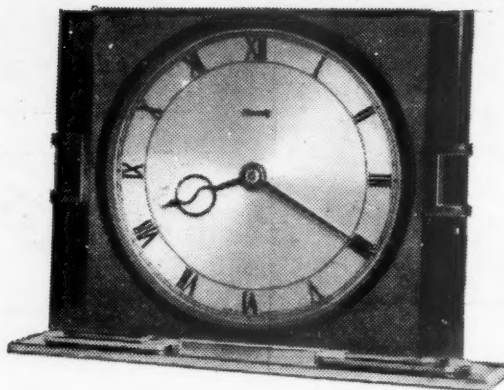
Harveys of Bristol hope soon to advertise their famous "Bristol Milk" and "Bristol Cream" again. Meanwhile they have excellent Sherries for everyday use at the controlled price of 20/-. Six are listed below, and you may care to order an assorted case. Any charge made for packages will be allowed for on their return. Carriage on three or more bottles is free.

GOLDEN Sherry	20/-
MERIENDA, pale dry	20/-
PINO, light pale dry	20/-
ANITA, light brown	20/-
CLUB AMONTILLADO	20/-
PALE DRY, Sherry	20/-

**John
HARVEY**

& SONS LTD. Founded in 1796.
3 Pipe Lane, Colston Street, Bristol, 1
London Office: 40 King Street, St James's, S.W.1

CVS-33



Look at the time!

You look at your clock scores of times a day. So why not have one that's a pleasure to look at? The electric clock shown here, Model No. 299, is a newcomer to the wide Ferranti range.

The panel is plate glass with bevelled mirror edges, mounted on a chromium base — obtainable in peach and green. Recent price reductions make these fine Ferranti clocks better value than ever before. Write for List C.18.



Ferranti Ltd

Moston Manchester 10; and 36 Kingsway London WC2

*The First
Cigar
for the
best
days*

EST. 1863



Don Garcia

MADE IN FIVE SIZES

R1



... now back
to grace every
exclusive occasion!

6 VARIETIES containing FRUIT
LIQUEUR Gooseberry, Pear, Rasp-
berry, Lemon, Grapefruit, Tangerine,
2/4 1-lb., 4/8 1-lb.

MELTIS LTD.
London and Bedford

**LEMON
HART
RUM**

*The
Golden Spirit*

*Have a Good Rum
for your Money!*

Carters
INVALID FURNITURE



GREAT PORTLAND ST., LONDON, W.1

Phone: Langham 1049.

STEADY ON!



"Nicholson Gin is too good to drown"

Ask for Nicholson by name and enjoy the true flavour of
the finest London Gin

FOR MEN EXCLUSIVELY

Stylus



- HAIR CREAM
- LATHERING SHAVING CREAM
- BRUSHLESS SHAVING CREAM
- AFTER SHAVE LOTION
- BAY RUM
- BAY RUM BRILLIANTINE
- BRILLIANTINE
- TONIC FRICTION
- TONIC SHAMPOO
- COLOGNE
- FOR MEN
- EAU DE QUININE
- STYLUS FOR THE HAIR

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DISTRIBUTED BY R. HOVENDEN & SONS LTD., LONDON & PARIS

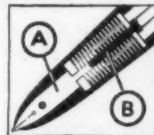


World's most wanted pen

TODAY more people desire a Parker "51" than any other make of pen. Actually 83 surveys in 34 countries prove Parker to be the world's most wanted pen. Combining flawless beauty with unprecedented technical precision, the "51" writes instantly, with eager smoothness, as soon as point is touched to paper!

A special patented ink-trap controls the flow of ink so that the pen, when correctly filled, never fails to write, never leaks or blobs. The unique tubular 14-ct. gold nib is available in a wide range of points. There's one to suit your special needs! The gleaming Lustraloy cap slides on securely without twisting. Within the barrel is hidden a patented self-filler.

At present still in limited supply. Available in Black, Dove Grey, Cedar Blue, and Cordovan Brown. Price 62/6 (plus purchase tax).



Notice how the nib (A) is hooded against dirt and damage—only the point shows. The ingenious ink trap (B) enables the pen to "breathe," prevents flooding and leakage.

PARKER "51"

Made in Great Britain and Canada

For best results, use Quink with Solv-X, or any other Parker ink in your "51"

THE PARKER PEN COMPANY LIMITED, BUSH HOUSE, LONDON, W.C.2

QUICK! LEND ME
YOUR KERSHAW!



Price £30. 0. 0 including
purchase tax on leather case

KERSHAW RENOWN

7 x 30 Extra Wide Angle Binocular (coated lenses)

Field of view at 1,000 feet—163 feet

The Renown is the latest addition to the long line of outstanding Kershaw Binoculars and Theatre Glasses—a glass to meet the needs of all sportsmen. Light, compact, sturdily-built and fitted with a sunken, weatherproof focussing movement, the Renown will stand up to continual hard use in the open under rough conditions. Like all Kershaw products, the Renown is precisely constructed, beautifully finished and built to give a brilliant optical performance that will last.

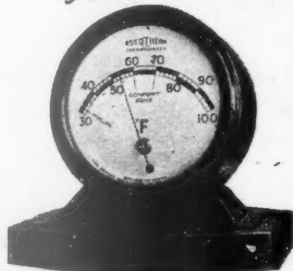
See and try the Renown at your dealer

or write for illustrated catalogue



KERSHAW-SOHO (SALES) LTD., Imperial House, 80/82 Regent Street,
London, W.1. A Company within the J. Arthur Rank Organisation

*The ideal gift
— a Rototherm
Thermometer*



The 'Merton' Model
Price 15/-

In these days of rigid fuel economy a Rototherm Dial Thermometer makes a practicable and attractive gift. Obtainable from Boots and most good-class Chemists, Opticians and Stores.

Rototherm
THERMOMETER

MERTON ABBEY, LONDON, S.W.19
Phone: Liberty 3406
and 87 St. Vincent St., Glasgow, C.2.

Pitchfords

Air Travel Cases

This light, strong, and easy-to-handle case is made by specialists, in a fine range of Leather, Leather and Canvas, or Canvas only, in sizes 20" to 28".

From £11-7-6



Travel Goods Department
Third Floor

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SENIOR'S
FISH & MEAT PASTES

*What is named
on the Label
is found in
the Jar!*

**YOU CAN
DRAW FOR THE PRESS!**

Make your art "Commercial" and earn while you learn in your own home.

Write for **FREE BOOK**
LONDON ART COLLEGE
143, Fleet St., E.C.4 (Dept. 82)

ASTHMATIC?



**Potter's
gives
quick
relief**

Keep a tin of Potter's Asthma Remedy in the home. No longer will you fear the sudden attacks by day or dread the coming of night. It is the household remedy unequalled for Asthma, Bronchitis, Catarrh, Hay Fever, Whooping Cough, Croup and all bronchial troubles.

POTTER'S
ASTHMA REMEDY

Supplied by all Chemists, Herbalists and Stores at 2/5 including Purchase Tax.

*Soothe the Throat
Please the Palate*

**LIQUORICE & MENTHOL
PELLETS**

**BLACKCURRANT & LIQUORICE
PELLETS**

**PEPPERMINT & LIQUORICE
PELLETS**

**8 1/2
PER TIN**

Simpkins
FROM QUALIFIED CHEMISTS EVERYWHERE

Soon, we hope, this delicate decanter set will be available in England. But just now it is going overseas — like other Stuart Crystal — to help the nation's vital export drive.



Stuart Crystal

**AT THE END OF
YOUR TETHER?**

These are "nervy" days, and the tension, far from slackening, tends to tighten. No wonder so many feel near the end of their tether, with nerves on edge.

"SANATOGEN" Tonic Wine is an admirable restorative, for it combines the "pick-me-up" qualities of a rich, full-bodied wine with the active tonic properties of "SANATOGEN" Nerve Tonic Food.



**'SANATOGEN'
TONIC WINE**

10/- PER BOTT. 5/6 HALF BOTT.

The word "SANATOGEN" is a Registered Trade Mark

CVS-136

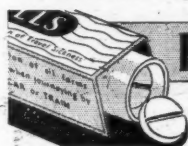


IN THE BAD OLD DAYS, when there was nothing to be done except grin and bear it, seasickness, and other forms of travel sickness were endured and made into a joke.

But the war changed all that. Assault troops had to be landed fighting fit, even after turbulent sea crossings in very lively craft and air lifts made bumpy by flak and evasive action. Research by all three Services evolved a formula entirely successful in 93% of cases and a great relief

to the remaining 7%. This formula is on sale under the brand name of KWELLS (1/6 an unbreakable tube at all chemists). This remedy has opened up a whole new world of journeys enjoyed for millions of men, women and, particularly, children who so often suffer with car sickness. Enjoy every moment of every journey you make from now on. Never travel without KWELLS.

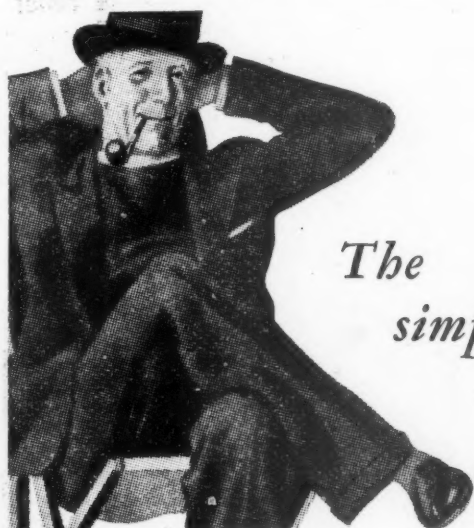
★ Incidentally, Kwells are very good for the "morning after" if taken when turning in, or directly the situation becomes threatening during the "evening before."



KWELLS

The D-day remedy

PREVENT TRAVEL SICKNESS
BY ROAD · RAIL · SEA OR AIR



The simple life

'A pouch stuffed in my pocket, a pipe stuck in my mouth,' said the Vicar, 'and my simple wants are met. But the tobacco must be Three Nuns. There I am adamant. If you tell me that other tobaccos are cheaper, I can prove to you that Three Nuns smokes so slowly, lasts so long, that it soon compensates for those extra coppers.'

Three Nuns

STEPHEN MITCHELL & SON,

BRANCH OF THE IMPERIAL TOBACCO CO. (OF GREAT BRITAIN & IRELAND), LIMITED, GLASGOW

This news makes names

These well established companies in the paper-conversion trade have just changed their names. They have done so to mark their association in a Bowater packaging service. They are :—

BOWATERS FIBRE CONTAINERS Limited

of Purley Way, Croydon, Surrey

(formerly the Acme Corrugated Paper and Box Company Limited).

BOWATERS PAPER BAGS Limited

of Lever St., Bolton, Lancs.

(formerly W. J. Maine (1939) Limited).

BOWATERS FIBRE DRUMS Limited

of 1 Harlequin Ave., Brentford, Middx.

(formerly the Three-Ply Barrel Company Limited).

together with BOWATERS BUILDING BOARDS Limited

(formerly Lloyd Boards Limited), they also form the nucleus of a new Bowater division :—

ASSOCIATED

BOWATER

INDUSTRIES LIMITED

HAREWOOD HOUSE, HANOVER SQUARE, LONDON, W.1



"No, my birthday's next week . . .

Wednesday to be precise. No...sorry Charles...Thursday. Why d'you ask? Oh, I see...the Pimm's No. 1. Always drink it on Mondays, old man. Tuesdays too, of course. I like it, you know."

PIMM'S No.1

We make it from suave London distilled gin, hard-to-get liqueurs from France and Holland and, of course, a certain something. You add bottled lemonade and ice—and you have the most heavenly drink on earth.

WHO MADE THE LEMON SQUASH?



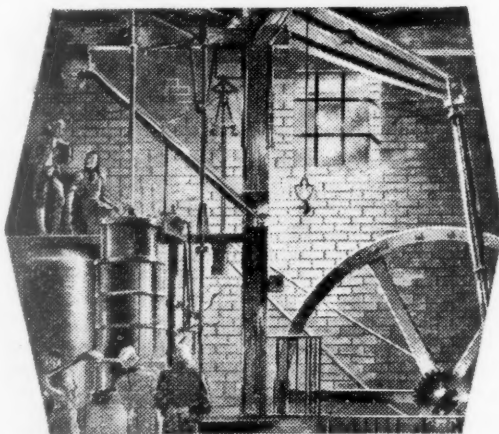
IDRIS

The Quality Soft Drink



SQUASHES 3/- PER BOTTLE

WHITBREAD IN ENGLISH HISTORY



THREE immortal names in engineering are associated with Whitbread enterprise in the XVIII century—Watt, Rennie and Smeaton. Steam power was introduced by James Watt with an engine of "35 horses," later increased to "70 horses." Rennie applied this new power to the brewing machinery, and Smeaton constructed six vast subterranean chambers. Now, as then, it is traditional with Whitbread's to take immediate practical advantage of every mechanical and technical improvement applicable to brewing.

Estd. 1742

WHITBREAD

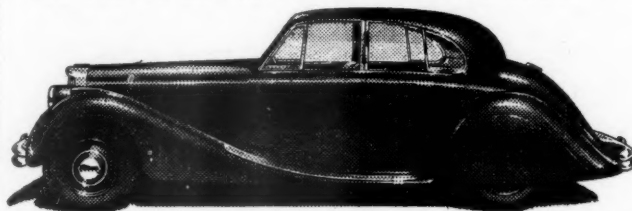
Brewers of Ale and Stout

brilliant new *Jaguar*

WINS IMMEDIATE ACCLAIM AT HOME AND OVERSEAS

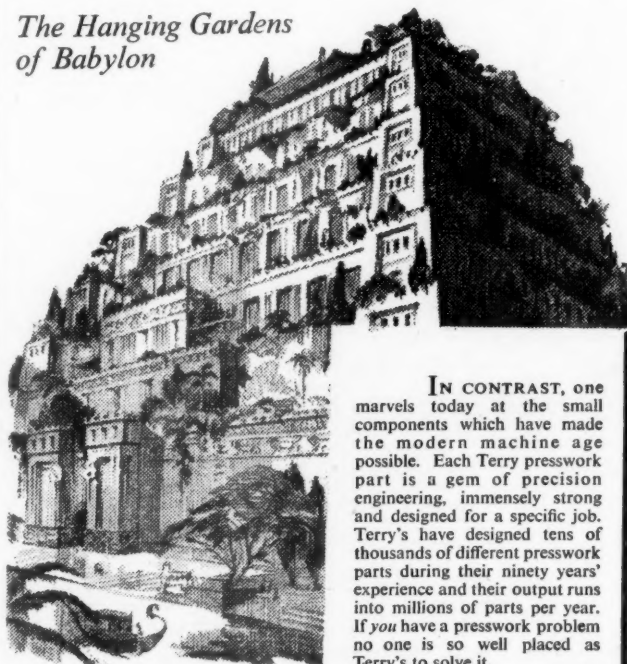
The enthusiasm which greeted the debut of the new Mark V Saloon and Drophead Coupe at Earls Court has been speedily endorsed and orders already placed predict still greater success for the Jaguar in the world markets. At home and abroad, press and public alike continue to pay tribute to the inimitable design and the score of engineering advancements which ensure the outstanding performance of the Jaguar.

THE FINEST CAR OF ITS CLASS IN THE WORLD



Both the Mark V Saloon and Drophead Coupe are available on 2½ and 3½ litre chassis—New features include: Independent front suspension, fully hydraulic 2-leading shoe Girling Brakes, entirely new frame, new Burman re-circulating ball-type steering, new transmission system, increased visibility and many other improvements.

The Hanging Gardens of Babylon



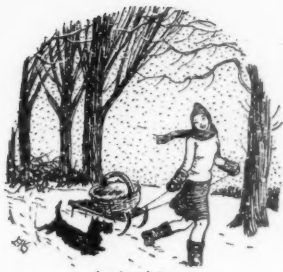
IN CONTRAST, one marvels today at the small components which have made the modern machine age possible. Each Terry presswork part is a gem of precision engineering, immensely strong and designed for a specific job. Terry's have designed tens of thousands of different presswork parts during their ninety years' experience and their output runs into millions of parts per year. If you have a presswork problem no one is so well placed as Terry's to solve it.



One of the seven wonders of the ancient world. The Hanging Gardens of Babylon were built for the benefit of Nebuchadnezzar II (c604—561 B.C.)

TERRY'S FOR PRESSWORK

Herbert Terry & Sons Ltd Redditch England



PUNCH

OR

THE LONDON CHARIVARI



Vol. CCXVI No. 5640

January 12 1949

Charivaria

A CORRESPONDENT criticizes the inadequate bus services in his district during the holiday rush. In his opinion it could at least have been arranged for them to sweep past the stops in pairs.

Many careers of industrious effort pass unnoticed. For instance, no mention was made in the Honours List of the bowlers who have contributed so much to the success of Sir Donald Bradman.



"MANUFACTURE OF BRACES
Relaxation of Control"
Board of Trade Press Notice.
Better get a belt, perhaps.

"People with colds spread the germs by using telephones," says a doctor. So lift the receiver at arm's length and replace it immediately if it sneezes.

An Egyptian soothsayer says that Britain's diet will improve and restrictions will be eased during the spring and summer of 1949. He says nothing about an autumn General Election.

At a New Year children's party all the guests were dressed in adults' clothes. Many of the little ones took the opportunity of seeing an "A" film on the way home.

An American has won a wager by hanging on to a rope with one hand for two hours. There was no particular reason for this: he just found himself at a loose end.

"Go for a brisk walk on a Saturday afternoon," advises a doctor. There are many attractive bus routes to choose from.

Another Russian Atrocity

"Timber supplies have been short, so the Minister of Forestry, F. Montovilov, has been fired."—"Daily Mail."

A famous comedian was at one time an architect. They say he is drawing much better houses now.

A hat manufacturer proposes a campaign to dissuade young men from going about bareheaded. Overcoat manufacturers advocate making assurance duffle sure.

A political writer says the average man believes only half of what he reads in the newspapers. How nice for the average man now that he has two bigger halves to choose from.

Old Joke Revived

"A North-Eastern regional officer of the Ministry of Fuel said yesterday: 'The names of the sites [for open-cast coal digging] will be announced immediately the legal formalities are completed. We are constantly receiving requests from headquarters to leave no stone unturned to step up output.'"—"Daily Telegraph."

Our recent paragraph on the use of artificially heated road surfaces in the U.S.A. during snowstorms has excited the interest of police officers in this country. A similar system would keep them hot on the trail of traffic offenders.



Suburban Interlude

MOONRISE over the gardens—
 But was ever a moon so blue,
 So bright, so soon
 In the afternoon
 Netted up there in the trees
 Like an azure fish, like a silver flounder
 With the chestnut branches all around her?
 Suspicion hardens
 That this is not the moon,
 For the people are coming from over the hill
 By twos and threes with a right good-will.
 And is it in joy they come or terror?
 Ah, no! I perceive my error,
 It is certainly not the moon,
 For the clouds are low and the skies unclear,
 As is commonly so at this time of year,
 And the pathway up to the church is dank;
 It is not the moon. It is Arthur Rank,
 Rank and his merry crew
 That have made this lamp so blue,
 And taken the people away from their quiet rooms.
 Lamp after lamp they have lit, and filled the street
 With ears, with vans that belch forth horrible fumes,
 With pipes and wires and ladies in leopard skins
 Over bare shins,
 And a camera moving about and a general hullabaloo.
 Whence came ye, merry maskers, whence came ye,
 So many and so many at what fee
 To light the afternoon?
 Why do you turn the people out
 And change the furniture round about
 And hang false ivy upon the walls
 And cry to each other with unknown calls
 Aroon! Aroon!
 While the strong police
 Bid traffic cease,

For the secret rite of Mother Earth?—
 A film, a film is coming to birth,
 It spins its vast cocoon
 About the face of the houses calm, severe.
 They are shooting a shot of Ancient Peace
 In a Place where Time Stood Still,
 They are always doing it here,
 And a calm old face looks out, no doubt, from an old-
 world window-sill
 To greet the glad New Year,
 And a glad new film will find its calm release,
 It is coming shortly—soon—

How strange to think I thought it was the moon.

* * * * *

The plumber who climbed the statue in Piccadilly Circus
 one day last week at 2.50 P.M., and damaged the bow of Eros,
 is said to have quoted from a well-known sonnet by Keats.
 It was a mistake. He should have cried "Unarm, Eros!
 The long day's task is done."

* * * * *

I once knew a Sporting Reporter in Fleet Street who
 could never concentrate on his work unless he wrote in
 rhyme. One of his articles began, he told me, in this way:

The world is so full of ridiculous variety,
 So many things are fleeting,
 So few things stay,
 That I am glad the Oxford and Cambridge Golfing
 Society
 Are holding their annual meeting
 At Rye to-day.

Unfortunately a sub-editor cut out the first twenty-one
 words on the grounds that they were unnecessary. As,
 indeed, they were. EVOE.

Impressions

AMONG the many meanings of this word we find first
 impressions, the ability to make an impression,
 books printed over and over again, and people
 imitating Charles Boyer. This will do for a start. A first
 impression may be defined, reasonably enough, as what you
 first think when you meet someone; it is a little difficult to
 say exactly how long it lasts, whether what we start
 thinking about a person counts as a first impression until
 proved wrong—which in these days of scrappy social life
 may be a matter of years—or whether at the other extreme
 it consists of that small objective flash human nature just
 has time for before the politeness begins. The axiom about
 not judging by first impressions points to the first theory,
 the interpretation many of my readers consider themselves
 astute to have arrived at supports the second. Either way,
 no one can deny that a hat about to be introduced is
 summed up in an instant, however intolerantly; so is a
 likeness to someone else—this is the sort of thing we all
 have to put up with without even knowing that we do—
 while even the mildest coat-button will get its exact due,
 and much associative significance besides if it catches the
 eye of the talker.

On the ability to make an impression I have little to say.
 Naturally I mean a good impression, and naturally my

readers are doing their best, in the face of odds, to seem
 as nice and as beautiful as they are. Going on to impres-
 sions of books, which is either another or the wrong name
 for reprints, I just wanted to mention the list a successful
 book sometimes prints of its past appearances and their
 dates, and the kindly interest with which its public notes
 the bumper year. I needn't say much either about
 impressions of famous film-stars. I have mentioned Charles
 Boyer as an example of what people hear in their minds
 when they think of impersonators doing imitations, but
 there is a large if well-defined range of famous people whom
 clever impersonators may impersonate as well as the
 people themselves do.

In the world of amateur impressionists there are of
 course a lot more people who can imitate Charles Boyer,
 and also a surprising number of people with awfully good
 foreign accents. Indeed, it is safe to say that you never
 hear a person telling a story involving the use of a foreign
 accent without this talent. There is also a talented class
 of humanity which is alleged to be able to talk like someone
 else, usually a non-existent buffer, when answering the
 telephone. I call it alleged because no one ever seems to
 have heard one and because ordinary people are extra-
 ordinarily unsuited about the telephone. The rule that you



"NO VICTIMIZATION!"



cannot be insincere on such occasions without sounding it might have been made for my readers, who have found that an excuse which would be perfectly all right on paper seems on the telephone to be vibrating with their own doubts about how it is coming out. There is of course the same rule for sincerity; it is an axiom of the telephone set-up that to be as glad or as keen as you feel calls for a burst of heartiness heard all over the house.

MY readers will have noticed that they are remarkably sensitive to impressions of their surroundings; that if, for instance, they are taken into the sitting-room of a strange house their immediate impression is of a lot of someone's else's furniture, much polish and not so much as a bicycle-pump left on the floor. If they are there for a few seconds alone they will be much impressed by the way the clock ticks and tells the time, and they may even walk a little nearer the curtains and do some thinking about their own. But what I really wanted to point out was the impression made on us by the house or flat we have just moved into. Empty houses have a tremendous identity which I may describe as both permanent and temporary; there is nothing like a small square echoing bedroom—or for that matter an oblong dining-room—for fixing the future without giving any idea of it. At least five stages mark the development of a room in a new house—empty, cluttered, tentatively arranged so as to give what proves to be a ridiculous under-estimate of its finished appearance, all messed up again and finally on to its last stage; which

consists of doing its best, waiting three months for an unmatched drawer-handle and gradually settling down to that process of being thought at that makes a house what it is, a place where visitors notice the mend in the sofa either less or more than its occupants.

One last impression: that of noticing, when you open the door of the average cosy tea-shop, a cooking-smell which is typical but never the same as the tea-shop you know best. Tea-shops, indeed, make such an impression that regulars may recall the table-cloths years later by imagining themselves sitting and waiting before a knife and fork, while the taste of the local scones may be associated for ever after with a book read through them.

ANDE.

Trafalgar Square

I LOVE to stand in this corner watching the fountains flowing
In spray, cascade, and jet,
Plain from the main or prismatically glowing,
Magnificent!—and yet
I wonder if the artificer smiled on his handiwork, knowing
That when a mischievous breeze from the south-east was blowing
I should get
Very wet.

Scythes Into Dollars

THE anxiously awaited Report of the Working Party set up by the Ministry of Jinks and Capers to consider ways and means of implementing the Merrie England plan makes it clear that the battle for Merrie dollars will be stern.

Sir Septimus Preen, the rural statistician, is chairman and the other members are Miss Ermintrude Shearing, National Scythe Schools organizer, and Mr. Alfred Lurch, retired poacher. Mr. Lurch demurs from most of the findings and will prepare a minority report on his return from a fishing holiday. "We are convinced," states the Working Party (except Mr. Lurch), "that the envisaged development of the statutory Merrie Areas will be impossible without a thoroughgoing measure of rural co-ordination." Its chief worries are summarized below.

Dialect. Twenty farm labourers, picked at random from Merrie Areas, illustrate the present extraordinary confusion. The only phonetically pure Cumberland dialect was spoken by an East Ham ex-warehouseman now farming in Cornwall with a view (the Working Party suspects) to gathering material for a novel. Five spoke B.B.C. National, three B.B.C. Northern, two M.G.M. Deep Southern, one (a refugee leader-writer) Fleet Street Oxford, one mid-Welsh with a hint of Polish accent. The rest—and these, it seems, were the most encouraging—sullenly refused to open their mouths at all.

"We recommend the establishment of bi-zonal Speech Boards," the Report states, "with a view to facilitating two standard dialects—Rural for the areas scheduled as Merrie and Industrial for the rest of the country. Such a project will, we are fully aware, take some years to mature. As an interim policy the agricultural community should be persuaded, during the tourist season, to use gesture as far as possible."

Place-Names. Cleaning up the gazetteer will be a long job. But the first duty of a Speech Board must be to bring the beginnings of order to the pronunciation chaos. The Report cites the case of a Mr. and Mrs. Morgan Stoop and their daughter Miss Winceyette Stoop, visitors from Idaho, who spent five weeks (at the expense of the Ministry of Jinks and Capers) in a Cheltenham hospital suffering from severe nervous exhaustion as a result of their attempt to reach Cirencester without a guide. They had been warned that on no account must it be pronounced as spelt, and that one of the correct things to call it was Sister.

After combing four counties at high speed they were informed near Bath that although the outside world tended to call the place Cisseter or Cissester, the natives really *did* pronounce it as Cirencester.

They ended in a state of emotional collapse near the outer suburbs of Birmingham, and were returned in a Merrie ambulance. In the third week of their hospital stay a male nurse told them that what they should have asked for was "Zoiren." This postponed their departure for another two weeks. The Working Party had no confidence that the Stoop family would return to Idaho as good ambassadors.

Merrie Literature. Guide-books are shockingly ill-disciplined. The Working Party recommends the immediate establishment of a bureau for their factual and aesthetic co-ordination. It quotes at some length the complaint of a Mr. Podesta—now back in Chicago and likely to stay there—who went to see the celebrated windows in Fairford Church to get ideas for his brother-in-law, a pretty big man in the coloured glass line. Mr. Podesta found little to write home about. There was a notice inside the church which said that the date of the windows was "about 1490."

The Gloucestershire writers have just not got together on this matter. One describes the windows as "the finest specimens of sixteenth-century work in existence." Another says they are "unique and one of the best sets surviving," but a third calls them "pallid,

ugly, washed-out stuff." Mr. Podesta was pardonably indignant. "What line do I take on this glass?" he demanded. "I am a business man and my brother-in-law is a business man, and we have to make up our minds even if you folks can't."

All standard rural literature should be carefully re-edited and brought up to date, the Working Party urges. *The Natural History of Selborne*, for instance, is full of unresolved queries such as "Does each female cuckoo lay but one egg in a season, or does she drop several in different nests?" This sort of thing lets us down. Science has answers by now to such questions. The Working Party is anxious that quaintness (a most desirable Merrie quality) should not be confused with naïveté.

Agriculture. The Working Party sees no reason why this should seriously prejudice the Merrie programme, though tourists tend to yawn a little at the advanced mechanization in some areas. "What our guests want to see in action," the Report states, "are scythes, sickles, mattocks and the like." It refers somewhat obliquely to an unfortunate happening at Bishops Weevil, but adds with renewed verve: "Such incidents will diminish, and ultimately disappear, as the National (Merrie Area) Scythe Schools become increasingly utilized, and skill in the use of this attractive but capricious implement develops."

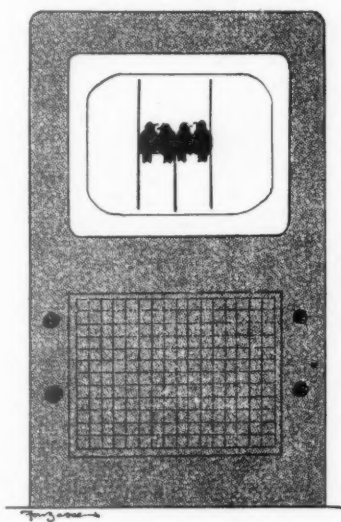
o o

Paddington Station

Christmas Morning

NO noise, no crowds, no smoke, here silence reigns.
Where on a weekday porters shout,
loudspeakers cry
This morn a pair of lonely seagulls fly
Above the empty bays.
And only fragments of unwanted food remain
To speak of other days.

Meanwhile, beside the rank, no taxis fuss;
But sparrows chirp instead, in search of scraps
To fill their sunken crops. A piece of paper flaps
Across the drive outside.
The final act in which a London terminus
One Christmas Day had died.



The Schoolboy's Very Own

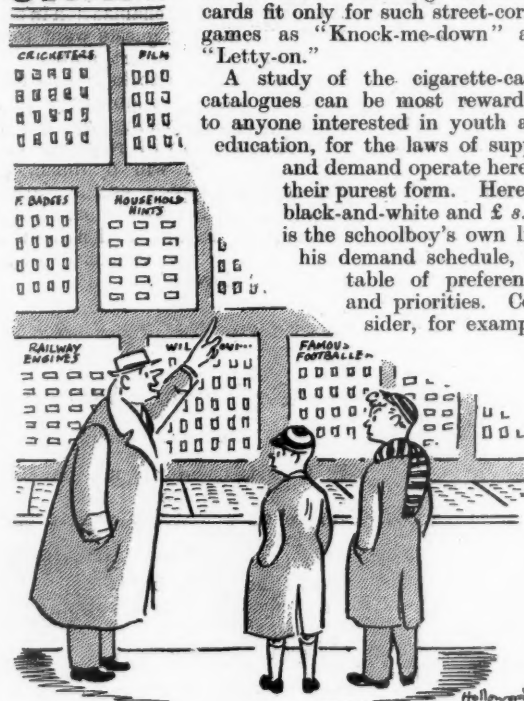
WHETHER it is by chance or design that the cigarette-cards stand confronts the visitor to the Schoolboy's Own Exhibition immediately on his arrival there can be no doubt that its location will be approved by all parents. It gives them a chance. It is probably the only stand where they can get an explanatory word in edgeways. Once the cigarette-cards are left behind the advantage lies very heavily with the youth of the country, for every aisle leads into thickets of knowledge that are quite impenetrable to the ordinary adult mind. The wise parent will take one look at the curious shape of things to come—the marvels of science and engineering and magic—and talk fast about cigarette-cards.

In doing so he should try to check sentiment and nostalgia at the source. The sight of such colourful old favourites as "Celebrities of British History," "Test Cricketers" (1928), "Cries of Old London," "Wild Flowers" and "Regimental Badges" may tempt him into tedious retrospection and lose him his otherwise respectful but unappreciative audience. Moreover, he must be ready to answer the inevitable question "What happened to your cigarette-cards, daddy?" with a frank confession of a mis-

spent youth—a youth so prodigal that it could convert these valuable art-treasures into dog-eared fag-cards fit only for such street-corner games as "Knock-me-down" and "Letty-on."

A study of the cigarette-cards catalogues can be most rewarding to anyone interested in youth and education, for the laws of supply and demand operate here in their purest form. Here in black-and-white and £ s. d. is the schoolboy's own list, his demand schedule, his table of preferences and priorities. Consider, for example,

CIGARE



these items extracted from the catalogues and grouped into high or low price-brackets:—

No. in Set	Title	Price, Complete Set s. d.
50	Association Footballers (1939) ..	10 0
50	Railway Engines (1936) ..	7 6
50	Sea Adventure ..	7 6

BRITISH RAILWAYS



No. in Set	Title	Price, Complete Set s. d.
48	Transport—Then and Now ..	6 0
48	Trains of the World ..	6 0
50	The Story of Navigation ..	6 0
54	Famous Film Stars (1939) ..	6 0
50	Notable M.P.s (1929) ..	1 6
25	Pirates and Highwaymen ..	1 6
50	Victory Signs ..	1 9
48	Alice in Wonderland ..	1 9
50	Do You Know? ..	1 9
50	Tennis ..	2 0
50	Household Hints ..	2 6

And make what you like of such oddments as:

50	Air-Raid Precautions* ..	2 0
50	Punch Jokes ..	3 6

With this simple analysis up my sleeve I set off down aisle "A" to check theory against fact. Almost immediately I found myself struggling for a view of the British Railways exhibit against two know-alls with black-and-amber scarves and pockets stuffed with free literature and buns.

"Course it's a diesel," said the one with his elbow in my ribs—a fellow who would never see fourteen again, and looked it.

"I mean the 4—6—2 in the depôt, you chump!" said the other one, who must have been decidedly the wrong side of twelve and had his boot on my instep.

"A shunting diesel, idiot!" said the first authority.

I can stand a lot of discomfort to get a good story. They went on to tell me that this model ran to something like five hundred feet of the latest flat-bottom rails (gauge "O"), that the express (10,000 class) was taking the far bend at a suicidal speed, and that for some reason or other the

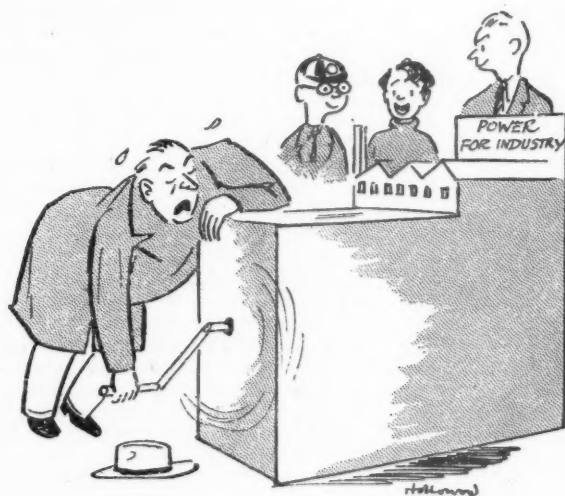
* Presumably the last cards issued.

disposition of the sidings left much to be desired. They also disapproved of the fact that coaches and wagons of all regions and colours were careering about on one system. I prised myself away when they began to discuss things called vacuum gauges and sanding gear-levers, and got caught up in an untidy dash for the Ministry of Supply's stand where the chief attractions seemed to be the Cantilever beam and Oscilloscope and the Gyro instrument test-table. I snatched at a leaflet and escaped.

But not very far. I was about to interest myself in a quiet game of "Table Soccer" when I was invited to generate electricity for the British Electrical Development Association and the amusement of a gang of budding Faradays. By turning a handle very rapidly and strenuously I was able to produce enough juice to light up a model factory. Then the lights, water-heaters and vacuum-cleaners of the nearby houses were switched on and I had to double and redouble my effort in an attempt to keep them all going. As a power station I received plenty of encouragement from the spectators, except for one unpleasant youth—obviously a sixth-form type too big for his boots—who made some feeble joke about my Bankside site. After two minutes of high productivity the factory suffered a serious power-cut when I retired exhausted to the comparative peace of toxophily. Each of my three arrows exceeded its target.

Very nearly every stand in the exhibition invites the visitor to touch and tamper to his heart's content. The supreme merit of this show is that nearly everything works and can be worked by boys. There are, for example:

- a "Cyclist Trainer," designed to test the intelligence and reactions of young cyclists,
- a "Twenty Questions" push-button apparatus for would-be Army Cadets,

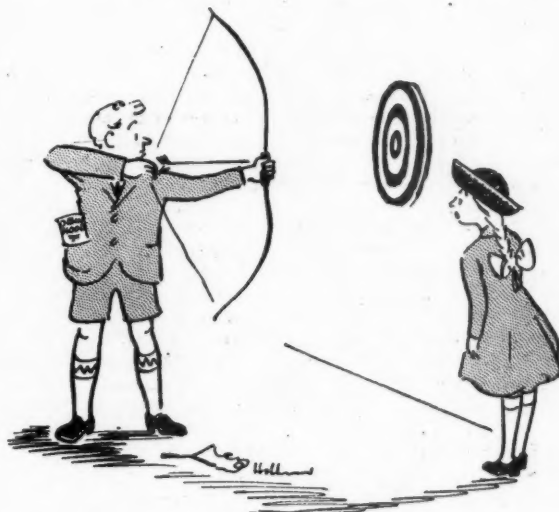


- a voice-recording studio,
- a destroyer's engine-room control platform,
- a four-ram electric hydraulic steering-gear as fitted in H.M. ships,
- a model amphibious vehicle guided by remote control, and
- a power-driven gun-turret in which boys can test their marksmanship.

And, nothing, thank heavens, is for export only. At every commercial stand—that is, a stand not occupied by Ministries

or Services—there are things to melt the pocket of any boy's uncle.

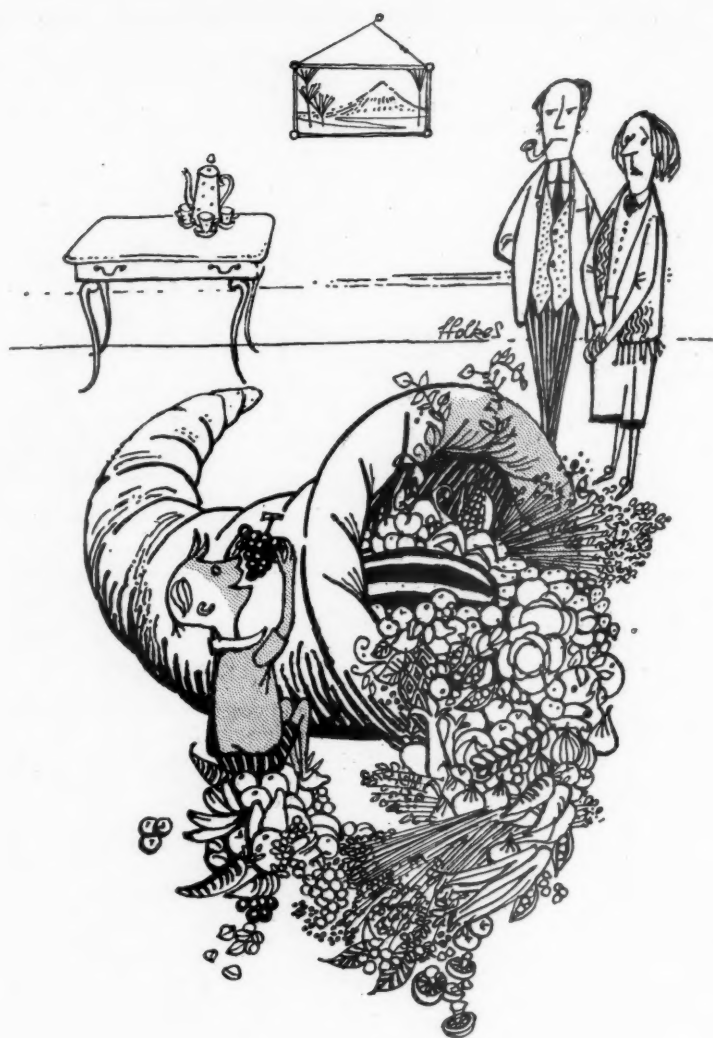
Naturally, there are some things that really old boys miss rather badly. I saw no mediaeval castles with rich stucco-covered walls and powerful battlements and moats and drawbridges, and no boxes of tin soldiers to defend



them against the cheap and despised cardboard barbarians usually given away by unimaginative aunts. These toys have gone out of fashion in this peace-loving world and have been replaced by power-driven gun-turrets and model tanks. I saw no marbles either. Have they disappeared from our gutters by some edict of the Road Safety campaign? Or because "glassies" are no longer found in the necks of our pop bottles? And what has happened to the old constructional sets of nuts and bolts and girders? The juvenile engineer of to-day, it seems, is all for prefabrication and rapid assembly. In my day, buildings made from toy bricks were unreliable structures held together solely by the earth's gravitational pull and destroyed by the lightest brush of a careless sleeve or an experimental kitten. Now, they are solid edifices erected with the utmost precision and bound with cement or mortar. Oddly enough, one of the few exhibits that do not flummox the elders is Mr. Warnett Kennedy's much-travelled model of a spherical Space Ship designed to conquer the stellar void. We saw it—or something very like it—years ago in our weekly blood-and-thunder magazines, and it still excites us to dreams of escape and far-reaching emigration. The Space Ship leaves our descendants rather lukewarm, sceptical and highly critical. There's something wrong with it, perhaps. Maybe it isn't supersonic enough or something.

I must add that handsome prizes are offered at this exhibition to the winners of numerous competitions in—among other skills—model-making, stamp-collecting, drawing, handwriting and archery. I saw the first contingent of artists hard at work surrounded by the usual crowd of critics and open-mouthed admirers. One competitor was so small that he had to be assisted to the drawing-board by no fewer than three cushions, but his sense of balance was excellent and his pencilled racing-car bold and convincing. And finally (Is there a daughter in the house?) there is a competition open to schoolgirls. A mixed-family man myself, I will say no more than that it is called the "Soft Toy Competition."

HOB.



"He says he found it in the attic."

The Deaf Adder

READERS who remember Marcus, my huge, handsome, lazy, stupid St. Bernard, may be interested and incredulous to know that he recently had an idea.

Ideas are not things that come readily to St. Bernards. Their heads are not built for ideas. They bear a strong resemblance to that prehistoric monster that employed its head solely as a battering-ram, and kept its brains in its tail. Only of course a St. Bernard's tail is very little more intelligent than its head. This idea was certainly the first idea Marcus ever had

in his life. I cannot think how he recognized it.

The idea had to do with the easing of life for St. Bernards. For some time past Marcus had been growing steadily more disgruntled with life. It is his belief that life should consist of sixteen hours of sleep, six hours of rest, and two hours of intensive eating. His only hobby is chasing cats, which he either loathes or considers edible—I am not sure which. However, the local cats do not suffer much. It will be seen that Marcus's day does not leave much time for cat-chasing.

But—and here lies the root of Marcus's moody dissatisfaction with life—he is occasionally called on to work. His work comprises a sullen amble after breakfast as far as the nearest corner and back. A real dog would look forward to this walk for hours beforehand, trembling with expectation. To Marcus it is sheer, brutal slavery.

Roughly, then, his idea was this: "If I were deaf I couldn't hear them when they called me for my walk, and they wouldn't be able to shift me, because nothing can shift me. So I will pretend to be deaf."

I do not claim Marcus thought it all out as neatly and briskly as that. He must have spent a good many weeks working out the advantages of deafness, and several more gloomily re-pining because he wasn't deaf. That he should pretend deafness was a flash of inspiration that probably seeped into his enormous head in a matter of days.

After all this thinking, Marcus presumably spent a month or two quietly recuperating under the kitchen table. The floor under the kitchen table is his favourite day-bed because he honestly believes he cannot be seen there, and therefore cannot be made to work. On the rare occasions that he rises, the table rises too. Highly-strung visitors, faced with this frightening apparition, have been known to go away and tell people we keep a howdah'd elephant in the kitchen.

At last he put his plan into execution. My wife came to me, much perturbed.

"Poor old Marcus has gone deaf!" she exclaimed.

"Deaf?" I cried. "But he could hear perfectly well last night."

"Well, he can't hear a thing now. Come and speak to him."

I came into the kitchen and addressed Marcus. Into his mournful eyes came the glazed expression of one who is jolly well not going to hear. I ought to have understood immediately; but who would credit a St. Bernard with having an idea?

"Poor old lad!" I said. "Perhaps it'll pass off. Coming for a walk, Marcus?"

Marcus, with masterly histrionism, gazed at me with eager devotion, as though he would have given his last bone to have heard what I said.

After a good deal of persuasive shouting we left him where he was, and he went to sleep smiling.

It was some days before we noticed Marcus was only partially deaf. He was still able to hear anything connected with food, such as a plate set

on the floor to be licked, or a courteously-worded announcement that his supper was served. We went on talking to him about food and not talking to him about anything else. While this lasted he was the happiest St. Bernard in Great Britain. He wouldn't have changed with Rip van Winkle. But we realized a certain inconsistency about his deafness one Sunday when I was carving the joint. A tiny scrap of meat slipped from the fork and dropped on to the carpet. The dining-room is one room and a passage away from the kitchen, where Marcus, tired after his rest, was asleep, but he heard it fall. A blurred, tawny avalanche hurtled out of the kitchen and into the dining-room, and had wolfed the scrap almost before it had landed.

"Hey!" I said. "I thought you were deaf?"

Marcus's jaw and tail both dropped. He went back into character immediately, but the seeds of suspicion were sown. He lay down to rest—it is, as I have said, a long way from the kitchen to the dining-room—and to try to work out some logical means by which he could still hear anything to do with food but could remain deaf to all else.

He failed to find an answer, so he did without one. He continued to hear on one subject only. My wife, who is the most charitable person alive, and a constant film-goer, at first attributed this to schizophrenia. When we had finished arguing about the pronunciation, she went on to assert that this proved what she had always maintained—that Marcus had a mind somewhere. If he hadn't, she said, how could it be split? She wanted me to psycho-analyse him.

But even my wife grew suspicious of the selectivity of Marcus's hearing when, in one short hour, he failed to hear three commands to come out for a walk, one bellow to put that milk-bottle down at once, a number of hysterical appeals to get out of her way for goodness' sake and let her get at the stove, and a stern lecture on the sanctity of the bread-board; but heard without difficulty a cat in the next road, the arrival of the butcher, and an invitation to finish a pot of fish-paste that had gone off.

When she was convinced of his guile she agreed with me he had to be cured. But how? The course we took was not, perhaps, entirely sporting. Marcus had gone deaf; we went silent.

When Marcus was around, we went through all the actions and expressions of speaking without uttering a word. Marcus began by being lazily puzzled.

Very soon he was really worried. Had he overestimated his will-power and gone really deaf?

The horrible part of course was that, for all he knew, we might be talking food all day long, discussing dainties we had put out in the garden for Marcus, asking him if he fancied a few biscuits? The thought of what he might be missing was torture to him. He would lie staring agonizedly into our faces as we mouthed silently at one another—trying, I will swear, to lip-read.

As he never got called for meals, he had to look out for them himself, and he hardly dared close his eyes in case he missed one. I doubt if he got fourteen hours' real sleep out of the twenty-four, and he worried himself down to about three hundredweight.

We kept it up for a few days. Then we decided to restore Marcus's hearing

to him. I said aloud: "Come on, Marcus! Time for your walk, boy!"

An expression of beautiful relief spread over his vast face, taking about one minute to do so. He wasn't deaf after all! He bounded to his feet. He frisked to the gate like a mettlesome carthorse. He joyously took one of the longest walks of his career—almost half a mile.

Heavens, how he slept that week!

He was not troubled again with his deafness. Neither were we.

Surprise Item

"7.30—Take Your Partners; Sydney Thompson's Old Tyme Dance Orch. 8.15—Album of Familiar Music; B.B.C. Revue Orch. 'skwurt' for squirrel.—Reuter. 9.0—Community Singing."

Radio programme in Manchester paper.





"... chap was telling me the atom bomb isn't really so terrific."

Amos Revisited

v

ONE of the hardest things to remember," observed Amos one evening when he was being much troubled by a sleepy fly—"one of the sternest and most exasperating everyday lessons taught by experience, and seldom learned, is that a fly, when brushed away, no more ill-naturedly *decides* to settle on you and annoy you again than a gnat-bite decides to itch again after being rubbed."

Amos said it entertained him to hear people bringing an ethical or moral attitude into discussions of pronunciation—"And they nearly always do," he said. "You get a sturdy north-countryman talking about the southern accent—sooner or later he'll start contending that the Southern Englishman is in some way ethically, morally wrong not to pronounce the R in *war*. I put it down to an idea that not pronouncing all the letters is giving short measure, not doing all the hard work one has been given—an obscure, commercial sort of notion that the listener is being materially defrauded of something. Part of an idea that a word is a sort of . . . *object*."

A solidly-built man who had already irritated Amos by attempting to interest him in his dog (a pop-eyed smooth white fox-terrier of reptilian appearance) now said: "Well, you know—isn't it?"

Amos went through the facial contortions which he believes (he once allowed us to learn) have the result of making his eyes flash; though of course the stranger with

the dog was unaware of this. Then Amos said warmly "Nothing of the sort! Nonsense! I will not at the moment say what it is, but the notion that when written down it acquires a kind of entity of its own is . . . Look at regional spellings. No, not *there*," he snarled at the man, who had looked doubtfully over his shoulder. "Not nearly enough attention is paid to differences of spelling that are purely regional—that came into use purely because the first people to use them spelt phonetically according to their own accent. Spellings that were then taken up as right, by people who think of a word as existing on paper as an object. The word that is variously spelt as *Hallo*, *Hello* and *Hullo*—and, fifty years ago, *Holloa*—is just one word. Would you try to pronounce all those differently?"

The stranger hesitated. Like the rest of us, he probably suspected that answering "No" would be just as dangerous as answering "Yes."

Amos pencilled *ESKIMOS-ESQUIMAUX* on the edge of his newspaper, held it up for us to see, and said to the man "Look at that. When you take that dog of yours to Greenland, are you going to be astounded by the discovery that a lot of the Eskimos are really *Eskwimawks*?"

From the man's expression I judged that by this time he had only the haziest idea what Amos was getting at; and from Amos's, I judged that by this time *he* wasn't sure, either.

"If the personage in the story you are being told merely *saw*," said Amos, "the issue is still in doubt. But if he *took one look*, you can be quite certain that you will shortly be expected to laugh."

I wouldn't want to convey the impression that our irascible friend is never willing to make allowances or to doubt his own rectitude; and from time to time even he shows signs of not wanting to convey this impression. Recently he was bombinating about some prejudice or other when he paused, to our surprise, after pronouncing the words "I would not lift my little finger to . . ."

After a moment's serious thought he went on "Well, let's be fair. I *would* lift my little finger. As it's about as ineffective a gesture as could possibly be devised, I should be perfectly willing to do it."

He put his hand on the table, and lifted his little finger. Nothing happened at all, and he said "You see?"

When he took his hand away again, we observed with some glee that he had to wipe it.

Discussion had passed by way of Sir Oliver Lodge to other scientific men alleged to have dealings with the supernatural; and Amos said loudly "Reading about a distinguished physician who believes in the goblin as well as in the *hæmogoblin* . . ."

The pause was full of astonishment. At last a man was daring enough to say—"Er—you don't happen to think that the word is *hæmogoblin*?"

Amos stared back at him with calm effrontery and replied "No, but I happened to be hoping that the rest of you did."

He declared that he had once had a friend ("he was no more—indeed, probably a little less—hairy than a buffalo") in the pantomime business. In the *pantomime business*? we said, and Amos said Yes.

"He was so renowned for the supply of demons," he added, "that he was known as the Demon King."

R. M.



"What about YOU playing the side of bacon and letting me 'andle the 'ams?"

The Chantrey Collection

THE New Year opens bravely with the Royal Academy Winter Exhibition consisting of practically the entire Chantrey Collection of paintings and sculpture purchased annually since 1877 by the Academy's Council under the terms of the Bequest of Turner's friend, Sir Francis Chantrey, R.A. This desired that the annual income from his fortune should be devoted to the acquisition of works "of the highest merit entirely executed within the shores of Great Britain"—construed until 1904 as meaning the pick of the Academy's walls. Since that date the painting and sculpture committees (which in recent years have included representatives of the Tate Gallery, where the Chantrey pictures have been stored) have frequently looked outside the Academy.

The present exhibition of over four hundred works, ranging from the Academic "Pictures of the Year" of the 'seventies to paintings by such of our younger progressive artists as Coldstream and Moynihan, has never before been assembled, only small portions of the Collection having been shown at intervals. Even if it did not contain such obvious attractions as Charles Keene's "Portrait of the Artist" in oils, showing his lean figure seated at an easel on floor-boards that might have been painted by Degas, and Shannon's all too revealing portrait of Phil May, the Collection would still be worth an hour's time of every one of Mr. Punch's readers.

In these days, happily, we have little patience with iconoclastic criticism; and a generation which has re-established the best of the Victorian novelists, learned to separate the sensitivity and sentiment of the pre-Raphaelites, and even dipped eagerly into the literature of the 'nineties, is not likely to dismiss all the Victorian paintings in the early rooms of Burlington House as "anecdotal"

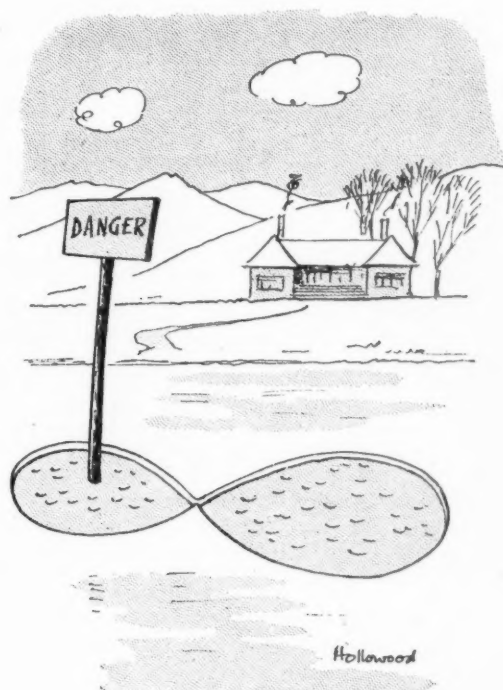
and worthless, without looking twice. Admittedly, the discriminating visitor will not linger very long before Briton Rivière's "Beyond Man's Footsteps" and some other works hardly less lamentable in feeling and execution. Possibly, for all its studied excellence and impeccable modelling of the human form, he may be unwilling to subscribe to Sickert's opinion that Poynter's "A Visit to Æsculapius" is worthy to rank beside a Titian. But, if I am not greatly mistaken, he will recognize in the wistful, tremulous beauty of Sargent's "Carnation, Lily, Lily, Rose" the hand of an inspired painter who has been judged too long by his slickest portraiture; and discover in Clausen's early "Girl at the Gate" a piece of subtle characterization whose painterly qualities require no extraneous anecdote to enhance its effect.

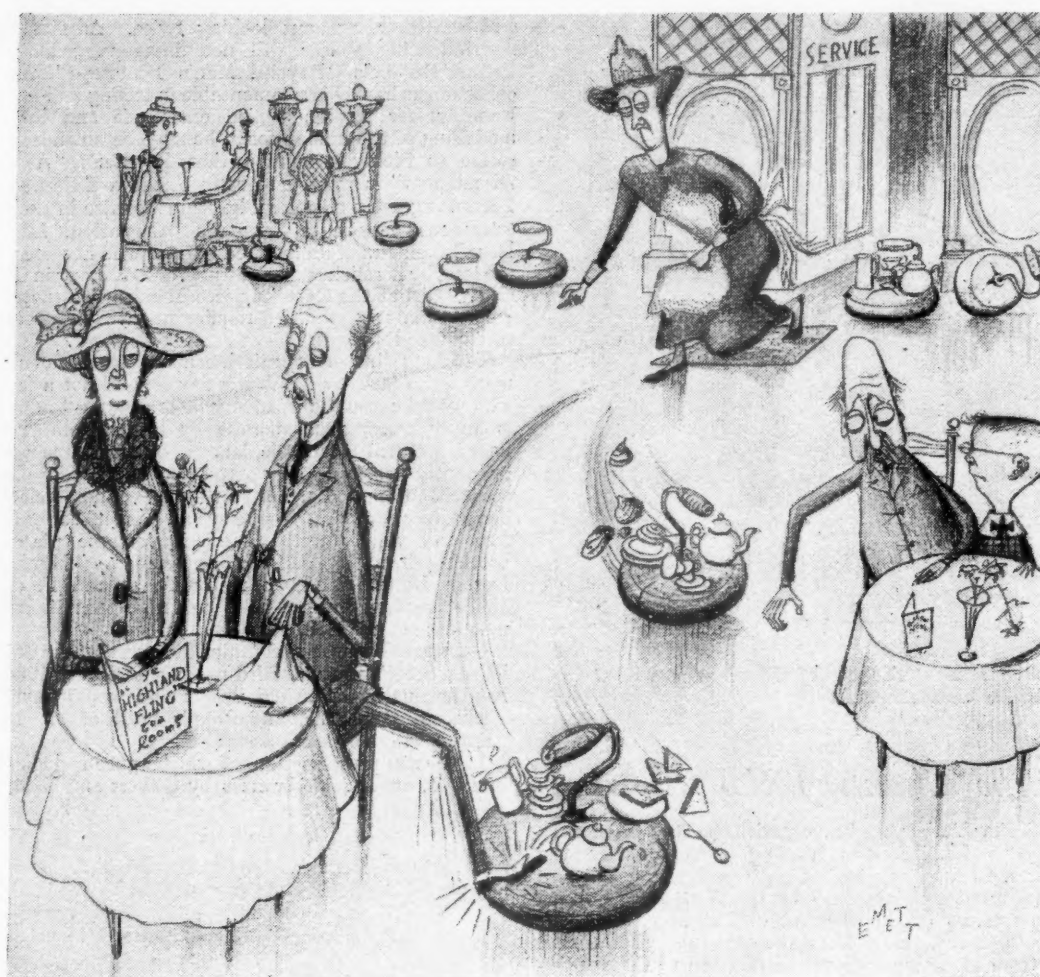
The long line of twentieth-century achievement recalls many once-familiar Academic names, and not a few rebels who would cause the Academy little disquiet to-day. Here is an enchanting masquerade by Rothenstein, who resolutely declined Academic laurels, on the same wall as a brilliantly accomplished portrait by Orpen who cheerfully assumed them. Farther on—one cannot relate such disparately good things—the eye alights on Walter Greaves' rare and wholly uncharacteristic costume piece, a bewitching head by McEvoy, an exuberant Munnings (of Epsom Downs), and works by Tonks and Fred Brown almost rubbing frames as if to prove that in death the pair are not divided.

Gallery IX, however, contains the jewels of the Collection: Wilson Steer's joyous "Bird-nesting, Ludlow," 1898, which has the quality of an old master and would finely match a cleaned Constable, and John's head of W. B. Yeats painted with magistral assurance.

In the sculpture section, of which space forbids mention in detail, are notable bronzes by Gilbert and Epstein.

N. A. D. W.





"This place used to be 'Self-help,' but they've just gone back to a modified form of service."

Six Pomegranate Seeds

SIX pomegranate seeds
Persephone ate.

Plump as an October partridge
was the first,
red as her lips,
and sweetly, when she set
her teeth into its veins, the juices burst—
and yet
its taste was tanged a little
by regret.

The second seed
had all November's raw
harsh sourness;
but, being hungered, she
made a wry face, and swallowed it,
and saw
dark Pluto smile,

and, shivering dismally,
sighed "Poor Persephone!"

The third pomegranate seed,
December-chill
reluctantly she ate, as she had done
the other two—
but did not weep, for still
it held some lingering sweetness of the
sun.

The fourth seed was as bitter
as quinine,
and hard as January's blackest frost.
In a numb trance she pressed it in
between
her ashen lips
and murmured
"I am lost."

The fifth seed was
the smallest of them all,
but the most nourishing.
Black Pluto smiled no longer—
through his hall
echoed a far-off voice
which whispered "Spring."

But the sixth seed
upon Persephone's tongue
with ice and fire—
and which was which?—
did burn.

Somewhere in Hades,
it seemed, a bird had sung—
and "Yes!"
Persephone cried,
"I will return."

R. C. S.



PUZZLES OF HOFFMAN



The Hon. Treasurer of the Society for the Preservation of Ancient Monuments asks Cromwell for a subscription.

It Was Marvellous.

"FIRST of all he had a sort of sheet—"

"That wasn't that one. It came after."

"It didn't. At least anyway there were four sort of big bowls with colours in them, red and green and blue—"

"And yellow."

"I'm telling this. And yellow, each one with a different colour in them. Only that was at the beginning. He had a sort of robe, how they do, and he took them out one by one and gave them to the person—not in the audience I mean, she went into a box after—"

"She means his assistant."

"The box came before actually."

"It didn't—where she kept changing from one to the other didn't."

"Oh, that."

"Well, anyway, he kept taking them out, it was marvellous. They were as big as anything because it was real glass not folding or anything. Everybody went up on the stage to look."

"Not everybody, surely?"

"And then he sort of waved his wand over them—"

"Don't keep saying 'sort of,' darling. It's silly."

"At least he tapped them actually, because you could still see where they were, under the sheet."

"You never said about the sheet."

"I did."

"You didn't."

"I did."

"Children!"

"Well, I did, didn't I?"

"I think, at the very beginning. Anyway, we know now."

"He said there *wasn't* a sheet. So how can he tell me about not saying about it when I did?"

"It wasn't. It was a sort of table-cloth."

"Sort of. Sort of. Sort of."

"I said it on purpose."

"You say it millions of times not on purpose."

"Go on, dear. You haven't told us yet what happened when the man waved his wand over the bowls."

"He tapped them. And then he said some words, mumble - mumble - mumble—"

"Hitchikoff, hitchikoff, half-past Molotoff. Everybody laughed."

"—mumble-mumble, whatever it was, and then he asked people to come up, only we were too far back and then I forget the next bit, but in the end he took the cloth off and what do you think?"

"I couldn't possibly guess. Were the bowls still there?"

"Yes, but where it said red it was blue and where it said green it was red and where it said yellow it was green and which one haven't I said?"

"Blue."

"There was a little card in front of each bowl actually, so you could know which colour it was before they were covered up, and when he—"

"Let her tell it, dear."

"She's telling it all wrong."

"I'm not."

"You are. The best part of it was when he took the sheet—all right, then, the cloth off, the colours hadn't changed at all, so he pretended to have got it all wrong and while he had his eyes covered all the colours suddenly changed—"

"It was marvellous. And everybody—"

"I'm telling it now. And everybody

shouted out, and he turned round to look at the colours, but they had all turned back again."

"All the colours had turned back to the same again, he means."

"I said that. So every time he wasn't looking they kept changing and every time he looked they changed back again."

"Only when they kept changing the first time they were different and when they changed back they were the same each time. It was marvellous."

"Stale cheese."

"I see. Well, I'm blown. And what happened in the end?"

"How do you mean, in the end?"

"I mean what did the conjurer do about it in the end? Didn't he find out or something?"

"I can't remember exactly. He didn't do anything special, did he?"

"Oh, no! He only made about a thousand guinea-pigs come out of a cigarette-box—"

"Not then."

"I never said then, silly. You said he didn't do anything special—"

"Don't say 'silly,' dear. It's—nice people don't say it."

"Stupid, then. He had a tremendously small box, like for cigarettes—do you want me to go on about the guinea-pigs?"

"And then can I tell you where he put all the people into a sort of balloon?"

"Sort of! You never say anything else."

"It was a sort of balloon."

"If you two can't tell us about it nicely, we'd better talk about something else."

"The trouble is they're over-excited, that's what the trouble is."

"I only said it was a sort of balloon."

"That will do."

"I don't see what's wrong with saying it was a sort of balloon."

"That will do."

"Well, what can I say if I'm not allowed to say it was a balloon?"

"You'd better not say anything at all, just at present, until you've pulled yourself together. I don't know what's come over—"

"Can I go on about the guinea-pigs, then, while she's waiting?"

H. F. E.

Stiff Letter to a Meteorologist

To the Chancellor of the Exchequer, c/o The Treasury. (Please see that this reaches the appropriate Government employee.)

DEAR SIR,—I am writing to complain to you about the disgraceful inaccuracy of your Weather Forecast. I am well aware that this is a favourite butt for the carper, but, as you will see, I have at my disposal some authenticated facts which you will find it hard to re-butt!

For last Tuesday your forecast was "Mild with occasional slight showers." This is what actually happened. At eight o'clock in the morning it was phenomenally cold. I remarked spontaneously to my wife that there must have been a heavy frost during the night, and that I wouldn't mind betting there was snow about. My wife will confirm this. But for the fact that my thermometer is broken I would provide you with an actual temperature which I am sure would be considerably lower than any which you have recorded at Kew Gardens for several years.

During the morning as I walked to the village a powerful wind sprang up. Mr. Tapley, the postman, volunteered to me the information that on top of Church Hill it was blowing, to quote his own words, "a regular gale." (I take it that you will allow Tapley to speak with some authority on this, since he was in the Royal Flying Corps and is now a Civil Servant.)

Yet by eleven o'clock what had happened? As Mrs. Bollinger, who serves mid-morning snacks in the Kandahar Koffee House, very rightly said, "There was not a breath of air." She further bore out my own

observation that it was close, not to say oppressive.

Just before lunch, as I was walking home with my wife, there occurred yet another extraordinary change of weather. It was no normal English rain; indeed, my wife agreed with me that it was coming down in torrents. If your "occasional slight showers" is intended to comprehend a tropical downpour which, but for my wife's umbrella, would have caused me to get soaked to the skin, may I assure you, sir, that it fails lamentably?

Shortly afterwards, however, the storm had vanished, and I was able to walk with the dogs in an afternoon of bright sunshine. Miss Gosport, whom

I met as I crossed the golf links, in fact shouted out to me that it was just like spring. (I presume that you will concede that Miss Gosport is capable of recognizing spring?)

Nevertheless, scarcely had I arrived at the cross-roads when I was again caught in a tempest. I observed to an uncommonly civil young man who had also taken refuge in the bus-shelter that it was very cold rain, to which he replied, without any prompting on my part, that it was more like sleet than rain, and that he for one would not be surprised if it began to hail! You will remember that your forecast gave absolutely no hint that hail was to be expected.

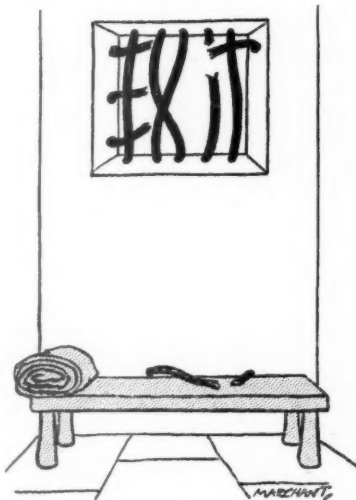
In the evening there was a dense fog in the vicinity of the river—my sister will confirm that she could not see a hand in front of her face as she cycled through Beechy Hollow—and there was a severe frost which, my gardener tells me, has ruined my chances of any crops whatsoever during the coming year.

I hope, sir, that I have provided sufficient unimpeachable testimony to convince you of the ludicrous inadequacy of your forecast to warn the public against a day which was probably unique in British meteorological history and demonstrated every phenomenon of which even our climate is capable. I may add that in the course of the day the hall barometer changed from "Set Fair" to "Much Rain" and back. Can anyone on the roof of the Air Ministry say as much?

I am, sir,

Yours, etc.,

DISGUSTED.





"What's the usual dose?"

My Car

I HOPE no umbrage will be taken by the excellent and public-spirited motor manufacturers of this country, with their insatiable thirst for endowing things and giving vast sums to good causes, when I declare, quite frankly, that my car has been nothing but a source of trouble and annoyance from first until last.

To begin with, the car is responsible for the fact that when I have a bath and lie at full length my knees stick up a good four inches above the water. When we moved to Munton-on-Sea there were only two houses for sale at prices within our means of borrowing. One house had a fine large bathroom with shiny tiles up to the ceiling and a

magnificent green bath of immense length, and the other had a miserably small bathroom with a window that would not shut and a tall short bath on four big legs. Naturally I plumped for the house with the big bathroom, but Edith pointed out that the other house had room for a garage and that we would want a garage when we got our car.

So we bought the house with the little bath, and after about a year I managed to get hold of a big portable shed to use as a garage. Unfortunately this portable shed was just too fat to fit in at the side of the house, and so we had to stick it up in the back garden, where it completely spoiled the

view and made the lawn just too small to use as a tennis-court. We are both fond of tennis, but as Edith rightly said, you can't have everything and we couldn't have a car if we didn't have a garage and if we had a garage naturally we must put it somewhere, and the back garden was the only place it would fit.

The car is also directly responsible for my lumbago, and for the fact that Edith and I now both turn pale at the sight of cabbage. Because there was no longer room for a tennis-court Edith said we might as well be patriotic, even if we did not regard Mr. Strachey as a soul-mate, and use a large slab of the garden for vegetables. Planting and tending these vegetables in all weathers is directly responsible for my lumbago, and it is a curious thing that though I have attempted to grow vegetables in great variety the only real success I have had is with cabbages. We have supplied our friends with cabbages for months, but unfortunately we have not enough friends to consume all the cabbages, and there are a lot left which Edith says it would be criminal to waste.

I am no cabbage addict. I can take them or leave them alone, but until our car made me into a cabbage-grower I have never actively disliked cabbages. I did not even greatly object to cabbage every day at lunch or dinner, but the final straw came when Edith started serving cabbage mixed up with fried potatoes at breakfast, saying it was bubble-and-squeak and that she had read somewhere it was a good thing to start the day on.

Our car is also the reason why we cannot have our front gate mended. It is a drunken-looking gate that blows open at night and keeps us awake by banging against the post, although more often than not in the day-time it will not open at all, and when I am in a hurry to catch my train in the morning I have to take a running jump and leap over it, which I never feel looks really dignified with a bowler-hat, an umbrella, and a large brief-case. Edith says, however, that it would be a waste of money to have it repaired because when we get our car we shall of course have to have double gates.

Personally I am more and more convinced as time goes on that a car that can be such a constant source of trouble and annoyance even before it arrives is likely to drive us to suicide when it is actually delivered. It is promised for mid-1949, but if it gives us any more bother before it arrives I shall take a firm line with Edith and abandon motoring altogether before I even learn to drive. D. H. B.

Finis

"I HAVE good reason to remember this part of the line, I can assure you," said the man in the corner, huddled in his great-coat, collar about his ears, hands sunk up to his elbows in deep pockets. He moved his head reminiscently towards the railway-carriage window through which only fog was visible.

"Last time it was snow," he murmured pensively, "deep, deep snow. All white. It stayed around for six weeks."

With eyes screwed up he tried to peer out and to recognize some old familiar scene.

"Yes, we have stopped again, you see. This is the place. We have just passed Bathurst; it is Lambridge next. This is where the line forks. It isn't a station of course, but the driver waits here for a baton or some such nonsense, and the signalman reaches out and gives it to him like a relay race conducted at the halt. As soon as we drew out of Victoria on the occasion to which I am referring this woman started asking if she was right for Lambridge; she was certainly difficult to convince. We told her repeatedly that she was perfectly correct, and could relax; we set the example by sinking down on our shoulder-blades behind our papers; or trying to go to sleep, which some prevented by stamping their feet. One fellow kept looking at the children as if they had trodden on his corns. They were busy eating cake. Every time the train stopped this woman opened the window, let in the driving snow, and said in a silly sort of nasal way: 'Lambridge?' and somebody always said: 'All right for Lambridge!'

"Do you know how much farther it is to Lambridge?' she would ask as we drew out of each station, and we kept assuring her that she would be a long time yet. At last we got to Bathurst, and we could tell her Lambridge was next, so she began to count her parcels and fuss her children's faces about by licking her handkerchief. As soon as we stopped, the nearest fellow opened the door; and we all helped her to get out quick because of the cold, and once she was gone we passed out the children after her, shut the door and sat there with expressions of relief until it suddenly began to dawn on each of us in turn that there had been no sound from outside—no porter shouting; no luggage marked 'fragile' being chucked about; in fact we had not even heard the woman plodding along the snowy platform

asking if this was Lambridge. It was such an uncanny silence that one of us lowered the window and looked out; then he slowly studied the expressions on our faces in exactly the same way we were studying his, and said simply 'This is not a station.' 'No?' we said. 'No. It is the edge of a precipice.'

"I was one of those who moved across the carriage and peered out beside him. The train was on the edge of an embankment—a razor edge—the slope ran sheer down to a valley far beneath. Everywhere was deep snow. All white. Stepping out that side the woman could only have experienced falling down a newly-painted lift-shaft. It occurred to each of us, I think, that she had taken every possible precaution; we had dismissed them all in our cocksureness. Now we had pitched her to the bottom of a hill.

"The train moved slowly on, and at once we all tugged at the communication-cord together. While we waited in gathering alarm for the guard, we cupped our hands to blue-lipped ears, and we could just hear in the distance this woman asking to be directed to Disraeli Villas. When the guard came he insisted that he could not hold the train—it was our responsibility to get out and look for the woman; he must proceed; but he agreed to send a porter back along the line with a lamp to look for us later.

"Well, we got out to ease our consciences if nothing else, and we scrambled down that perpendicular

drop holding hands in a human life-line. Our breath froze as it left our nostrils; and at the bottom was the woman holding children who looked like little snowmen sitting down. 'Do you know,' she said apologetically, 'I quite thought you said this was it.'

"Eventually a porter did come blundering along with a lamp and we had to follow him to safety in single file. I shall not easily forget that night. This is the first time I have been along here since.

"Well," he said, gathering his papers and his brief-case as the train stopped, and giving us a friendly nod as he opened the door, "Lambridge at last! I leave you here. Good night!"

He stepped out into the fog and there was a painful silence.

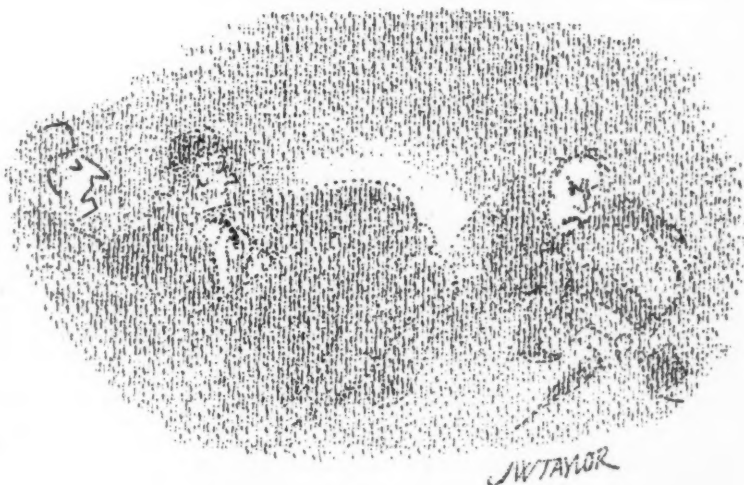
The door stayed open only because he was no longer there to shut it. The nearest passenger stiffened and stared. Nobody—to our credit—made the obvious remark. Somebody stealthily shut the door. Then the train began to creep on through the fog again as we sat hunched within coat-collars, but nobody pulled the cord this time.

"As a matter of fact," said the man beside me, "it improves the story."

Tally Hew!

(Lines prompted by reading of the Coal Board's target.)

As one who thinks a word
Like target is absurd,
I can't help feeling sorry
It's not been changed to quarry.



"Better vowels than the last one, so we're heading West all right."

The Cosmic Mess

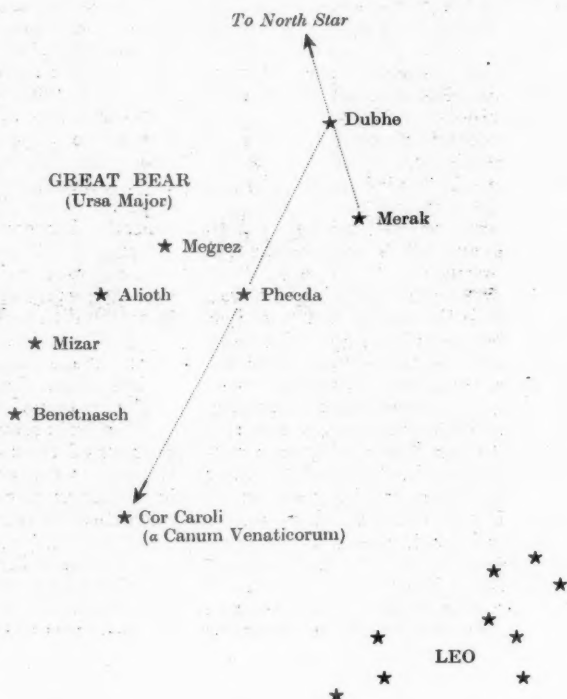
THE whole of this column has been written on Sunday. It always has Sunday because this column spends so much of the week serving the country, even if it is from other people's crazy constituents or sleeping on excellent but long-winded Committees. Repeated requests to the Management have been turned down Time pretty harshly. They seem to think that column as a cog or Thing, with no Human Feelings at all. They care not Jot or seem to Button that a this column would have liked to go and to church the Albert morning Hall concert this afternoon. Instead, here on it is toiling away on time rates. Very well. If that Attitude, this to do. If it can not have Double Time it will in give Half Space: and Column will be printed like this. Many of the Uncount- able Readers, it is believed, will prefer it.

* * * * *

(This paragraph is specially written for little Jane Shirley, one of this column's innumerable god-children, who has just become a stage-manager, the clever girl. *Hullo, Jane!* This is your god-father saying "*Hullo!*" to you. Are you paying the smallest attention?)

Now that we have a Prince called Charles, you must teach all your little playmates, Jane, how to find the little star called "*Cor Caroli*", or "*Heart of Charles*". You (and even they) can probably find the fine constellation which we call the "*Great Bear*", some "*The Plough*", the Australians "*The Dipper*" and the astronomers *Ursa Major*. It has had other names. The Greeks called it "*Arktos*", the she-bear, and Homer is thought to have given it its first publicity. The Arabians called the four stars in the quadrilateral *N'ash*, a bier. It was also once called "*Charles' Wain*" and the Encyclopædia says that that was a corruption of "*churl's wain*" or peasant's cart. This column is reluctant to accept that explanation. For it does not account for "*Cor Caroli*", the lonely star between the Bear and Leo. It lies about seventeen degrees south of *Alioth*, the third star from the left in the handle of the Dipper (or tail of the Bear). Or you can find it by drawing a line from *Dubhe*, the top right-hand star of the quadrilateral, through *Phecda*. This column likes to think that it was named after a "*Carolus Rex*", and will now be regarded as the Prince's own star. But it confesses that it has not

been able to find as much information as it would have liked, and it feels that the Astronomer-Royal should write



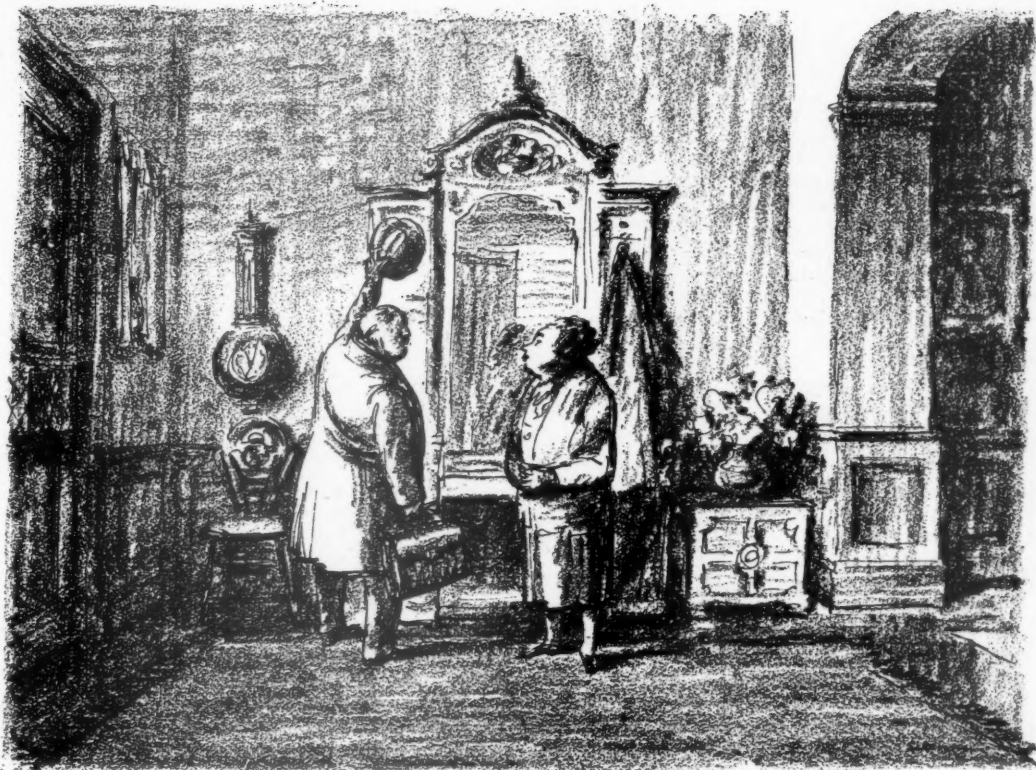
to *The Times* about this matter. *Cor Caroli*, by the way, is "*a*" (principal star) in the constellation *Canes Venatici*, or Hunting Dogs.

* * * * *

(This paragraph is specially written for Mr. Nathaniel Gubbins, who loves dogs so well.)

This column bets all its uncountable readers that they do not know how many dogs there are in this tiny island. You will find the answer, with a mass of other fascinating information, in the 39th Report of the Commissioners of His Majesty's Customs and Excise for the Year ended 31st March, 1948. The answer is "*Nearly three million*". In England and Wales there were issued in the said year 2,784,424 dog-licences, and in Scotland 188,185—total 2,972,609. This is a slight falling-off from pre-war standards. In 1938-1939 there were 3,021,580 dogs. The dog-population fell steadily during the early years of the war and was down to 2,569,922 in 1941-1942. It rallied during the last years—2,620,000 in 1942 and 1944—and since the war the trend has been steadily upward. In one year, between March '47 and March '48, 200,000 new dogs joined the country: and, at the present rate of increase, this year should take us over the pre-war figures.

It is a solemn thought. This column reckons that in England and Wales there are forty-seven dogs (nearly forty-eight), to the square mile. In Scotland the dog-density is less severe, being only six dogs to the s.m. You will perceive the gravity of the figures if you realize



"The plumber came about the leak downstairs, but he's had to go back for his water-wings."

that in England and Wales there are only 55,557 On-Licences (Publicans) to retail spirits: and that is only about one to the square mile.

The annual revenue from this vast population is £1,114,679. In 1938-39 it was £1,133,056. Moneylenders yield only £21,205, and Pawnbrokers only £13,485. Pawnbrokers, by the way, are a dwindling trade. They have gone down steadily since 1938-39, when there were 2,360 in England and Wales, till the present year, when there are only 1,575. Unlike dogs, they have continued to decline since the war.

The statistics do not distinguish between one kind of dog and another, and this column cannot tell you how many are working-dogs (sheep-dogs, greyhounds, fox-hounds, retrievers, watch-dogs, and police-dogs, etc.), and how many are mere "luxury" dogs, not gainfully employed. But there you are—three million dogs who have to be fed and taken out for walks, and, for all this column knows, are eating somebody's shoes at this very moment.

If someone will tell this column how much it costs to keep a dog, it will do some more sums.

* * * * *

Another statistic (can you have *one*?) interested us the other Sunday morning. An economic scribe whom we always read with pleasure gave an estimate of the revenue that might be expected to accrue this year from our illogical

and incomplete efforts to tax betting. He put it at £23,000,000, no mean figure even in these days. But that Mr. Haddock was reminding this column how he rose up in the House of Commons about ten years ago and said that if the job was given to him (*and* he was allowed to reform the betting laws—which has not yet been done) he would undertake to get £20,000,000 a year out of taxing betting. "And how," says Haddock, "they laughed!"

* * * * *

The writer comes to the staggering conclusion that in the present year (1948-49) we shall pay £1,547,000,000 in indirect taxes. That makes Food Subsidies of a mere £500,000,000 look pretty silly. A. P. H.

o o

Presentation Copy

BILL gave us an antique silver jug as a token, So he explained in his note, of esteem and affection. A pity it was that one of the legs was broken.

After we polished it up, we found on inspection It was Georgian, just as he said, though rather late; Nineteen-forty-six was, in fact, the date.

P.S.—It's not silver, but only electro-plate. M. H.

FOR over four years an invisible white rabbit, six feet one and a half inches high, has fascinated New York, and now at last *Harvey* has arrived in London, at the Prince of Wales. It must be very nearly the thinnest play on record to have had so staggering a success, and yet to deny it a certain magic would be to ignore the fact that, invisible or not (and you begin to wonder) *Harvey* soon commands the most solid respect and affection. He is the beloved familiar of a rich eccentric, a kindly convivial fellow named *Elwood P. Dowd*, to whose family he is socially a headache. Unfortunately, seeing rabbits is infectious, and much against her will *Elwood's* sister begins to see *Harvey* too, so that when she goes to a fashionable psychiatrist's clinic to have her brother put away she is subjected to the worst indignities of shock therapy. That is the first spring in the plot, the second being that the psychiatrist himself falls a victim to the rabbit. Most of the piece is wild farce, but quite long stretches of it consist simply in *Elwood* telling people about *Harvey*. He does this with an innocent eloquence which is curiously winning. If it is the triumph of the author, Miss MARY CHASE, that *Harvey* is an acceptable fact and not a tiresome whimsy, it is thanks to Mr. SID FIELD that the idea remains imaginatively fresh even when, as happens in the third act, the play appears to have outlived its impetus. Mr. FIELD is uproariously funny in the part, where his rubber-faced fooling seems perfectly at home. He is also strangely touching, and the success of this first venture in "legit." is beyond doubt. His bright sobriety in the teeth of much determined pub-crawling makes no suggestion, as I gather is done in the States, that *Harvey* might be a creature of D.T.; but since *Harvey* is a benign apparition seen by others this seems defensible.

At the Play

Harvey (PRINCE OF WALES)—*As You Like It* (OLD VIC)
Babes in the Wood (PRINCES)—*Jason* (NEW LINDSEY)

As the reforming sister Miss ATHENE SEYLER backs up splendidly in her own delicious fashion, trailing misapprehension like some bemused meteor, and of a rather uneven tail Miss DIANA FAWCETT and Mr. JEREMY HAWK are the best. Mr. ANTHONY QUAYLE

less charmingly—and the comedy is hit a little harder. From what we can guess of him Shakespeare wouldn't have objected to *Touchstone* washing his feet in horribly cold water, or to *Sir Oliver Martext* after his dismissal falling over backwards into a real pond, or even to

Orlando tweaking the disguised *Rosalind's* nose to teach her manners; and certainly I don't. Mr. GLEN BYAM SHAW's nursing of the play's humours is always discreet, and in nothing is it nicer than the way he matches the lovely flowered tapestry of the backcloth with an aural tapestry of farmyard noises which gently accompanies the nonsense of the hinds. And of course, where possible, the production is heroic, *Orlando's* bout with the *Court Wrestler* being the kind of set-to which brings old bruisers clucking to their feet. Miss JEAN WILSON and Mr. PIERRE LEFEVRE make a delightful pair of romantics, a *Rosalind* tomboy as well as melting and an *Orlando* who really looks a fellow fit to bowl a fine girl over. Mr. ANTHONY VAN BRIDGE is a *Touchstone* of integrity, the forest honours are most hospitably done by Mr. MERVYN BLAKE, who doubles both the Dukes, and the rustics are entertaining, though



[As You Like It]

HARDSHIPS OF DISGUISE

Orlando Mr. PIERRE LEFEVRE
Rosalind Miss JEAN WILSON

produced this rewarding curiosity with shrewd humorous judgment. Many questions arise, as, for instance, how the local press had failed to get on to a phenomenon which must have been a byword in every bar. And I thought it a pity that such a supreme dis-embodiment as *Harvey* should trouble, for the sake of a slender stage effect, to open doors. But I suppose it's no good asking for logic in the habits of rabbits.

Children's natural standards are seldom wrong, and the fact that the Young Vic's *As You Like It* (at the

more could have been done with dialect. As for *Jacques*, that brooding lonely figure, I thought Mr. DUNCAN ROSS, who gives him dignity, might have made him less of a smart-alec and more genuinely melancholy. The lighting, by Mr. CECIL CLARKE, is particularly good. I enjoyed MOTLEY's décor, except for the first set, which was any mews in Knightsbridge and is supposed to be an orchard.

This production has lately, and deservedly, proved a riot in the Benelux countries. The company is away on tour so much that not enough

is heard of the grand work it is doing, under Mr. GEORGE DEVINE's direction, in bringing intelligent theatre to film-drunk young people up and down the land.

"Once I get my hair cut I'll be carrying less weight." In and out of *Babes in the Wood* at Princes drifts the one and only MONSEWER, moustache at the trail, nose brick-red against a wintry pallor, beady eyes stabbing the audience through superfluous spectacles. EDDIE GRAY is one of the brightest spirits surviving the decay of the music-hall, and part of his strength is that he seems bored with us from the start. He is the little man who wraps up your six kippers, who takes your ticket in the Tube, and who does it all with a sniff. Nobody can ever have looked less like a juggler. When at length he passes from insulting the orchestra to his brilliant act with the clubs and the hoops his casualness reaps a double dividend. I need scarcely say that as the villainous *Baron de Rostovveg* his conduct rouses the young to such an absolute passion of hissing as could only be rivalled by the brakes of a French train in the middle of the night.

This generous entertainment is my idea of a pantomime. Not too sugary, and very nice to look at, it throws turn after good turn into the attack and yet preserves its shape and character. PEPINO'S MINIATURE CIRCUS, for instance, the centre of attraction at the Goose Fair, has no mean artists in its pony and monkey and charming dogs; JACK SLOAN and the LEOPOLD BROTHERS walk on stilts which take them almost up into the flies, BUSTER SHAVER'S LILLIPUTIANS dance and sing with the aplomb of giants, GAY and GAY knock each other about fraternally, and TISHY is a wicked-eyed two-man-power horse. The IRIS KIRKWHITE DANCERS and AIDA FOSTER'S JUVENILES preserve Wellington Barracks discipline, and when the former take to the wires,

which for once are invisible, you might be looking at the mermaids in some municipal aquarium. Talent sticks out all the way up the bill. As Dame Trot, Miss BETTY JUMEL is one of those resourceful and unselfish comics who strike the traditional note right in the centre. Miss JILL MANNERS makes a gallant *Robin Hood* and Miss KATHLEEN MOODY an attractive *Maid Marion*, both with voices which easily get home without a mike; and the

wonderful for everybody. Their English colleagues, waiting in the rain for the last bus, can hardly restrain a spasm of envy at the thought of men thus elevated to the rank of gods, who shout for patient secretaries at midnight in order to throw off no fewer than three wildly differing notices of the same play in almost as many minutes. This comedy of New York criticism, we are told, bears some relation to real

eminences; and as it makes the gentleman supposed to resemble Mr. William Saroyan behave outrageously, before being humbled in the dust, with the wife of the gentleman supposed to resemble Mr. George Jean Nathan, one wonders just how popular Mr. RAPHAELSON may be in critical circles.

In any case we can hardly be as interested as the Americans might in such affinities, and most of the play itself is equally unreal. The alleged Saroyan character, part poet and part hobo, forces his company on the critics to bully them into reading his first play, and then converts the alleged Nathan character from austere hedonism to a woolly doctrine of embracing each and all. The change fills the latter's flat with types off the street, which is quite amusing, but the drama as such is concerned with the arresting conversion of his wife from gold-digging to respectful affection. Although the mechan-

ics of this are absurd, it gives Miss MARY LAURA WOOD a chance to display her very considerable talent to advantage. Mr. PATRICK BARR plays the husband impressively, and Mr. MICHAEL BALFOUR, who always seems to have strayed in from the Marx Brothers, is the very man for the poet. Not a very good choice for London, the play is neatly directed by Mr. ROBERT HENDERSON. ERIC.

Post-Christmas News Item

"MINE WASHED UP."—Daily paper.

Mine didn't.



DRAMA COMES HOME TO THE CRITIC.

Jason Otis	MR. PATRICK BARR
Mike Ambler	MR. MICHAEL BALFOUR
Lisa Otis	MISS MARY LAURA WOOD

antics of the MONSEWER are amply reinforced by those of Messrs. DONALD B. STUART and BILLY WHITTAKER. Hats off, children, to Mr. BERTRAM MONTAGUE for mixing all these ingredients so cunningly together.

The Americans seem to have a touching and, I must say, very beautiful regard for their dramatic critics, or so Mr. SAMSON RAPHAELSON would have us believe in *Jason*, at the New Lindsey. When these giants frown, the theatre shivers and the public is disconsolate, but when they smile it must be correspondingly



"The Editor, 'The Times'—Sir, I feel I must write to advise you of an unusual occurrence."

Our Booking Office

(By Mr. Punch's Staff of Learned Clerks)

John Lilburne

MISS M. A. GIBB has combined scholarship and human sympathy in equal proportions in her very fine portrait of *John Lilburne the Leveller* (LINDSAY DRUMMOND, 18/-). "Descended," as he puts it, "of an ancient and worshipful family," Lilburne was a born rebel and revolutionary of the Tom Paine kind. He was, that is, really concerned to secure fair play and good treatment for the mass of the people, and he was intractably opposed to the process which turns revolutionaries into worse tyrants than those they have overthrown. He began his arduous and painful career by opposing Laud's attempt to impose a dignified and uniform Church on an England already breaking up into numerous Puritan sects, and as a punishment for distributing seditious pamphlets was flogged from Fleet Street to Westminster. In the first phase of the Civil War he supported Cromwell's manœuvres to get rid of Manchester, but refused to join the New Model army. Imprisoned by Parliament, whose rigid Presbyterianism he had attacked, he hoped for a time to win Cromwell over to the democratic programme outlined by the Levellers in 1647. Disillusioned by Cromwell, he became the mouth-piece and hero of the left-wing elements in the army, and at his trial in 1649 was acquitted amid extraordinary scenes of popular rejoicing. Tried again in 1653, he was imprisoned, first in Jersey and then in Dover. In his last years he became a Quaker and died at the early age of forty-three, having, he told his wife, lost all interest in his "former bustlings and actings in the world."

H. K.

How Ireland Lost Europe.

In 1919 there was published what *The Manchester Guardian* called "a famous little book" entitled "The Complete Grammar of Anarchy." The title is Asquith's; the pronouncements are those of Carson and his English backers; the compiler was Mr. JOHN J. HORGAN, whose father nominated Parnell for Cork and was Parnell's lifelong adherent. The son, devoted also to the most costly of causes, a just, generous and peaceful settlement of the Irish Question, has written an illuminating and magnanimous account of the part he and his family played in Irish

politics from Parnell to Pearse (BROWNE AND NOLAN, 15/-). The élite which saw Ireland as their centre and the world as their circumference were thwarted over and over again by "a series of stupidities which sometimes look like malignancy." This comment comes from Lloyd George; not, as you might expect, from Gladstone, who pledged himself to Ireland seventeen years before the arrival of Parnell. Gladstone's and many another reputation meet with informed readjustment here, as does that of Ireland herself. She was not consulted when either Pearse or Costello made their unexpected gestures. Perhaps, like England, she has not spoken yet. Possibly she might say, with Casement, that she was not meant to be "a pocket Argentina" for the Other Side. Most probably, between what the author calls "Los Angelization" and compulsory Irish, she has never had so little chance of expressing herself as she has to-day.

H. P. E.

Climbing Fatalities

In *Alpine Tragedy* (ALLEN AND UNWIN, 18/-), translated from the French by Mr. MALCOLM BARNES, Monsieur CHARLES GOS, a native of Geneva and himself a climber, has narrated the most famous accidents in the Swiss Alps during the nineteenth century. The absence in the mountains themselves of any murderous intentions towards their victims invests these narratives after a time with a certain monotony. Man in conflict with man is, on the whole, more interesting than man pitted against nature, whether at sea or in the desert, on high mountains or in Arctic wastes. Furthermore, in Alpine fatalities the tremendous setting of rock precipices and ice walls tends to dwarf the *dramatis personæ*. Had Monsieur CHARLES GOS curtailed his scenic effects he would have thrown the human element in his tragic episodes into much stronger relief; but there are few pages without some such flight as "The glory and terror of the Matterhorn! That powerful rock, piercing the clouds, seems to have been sculptured by the gods for the chaining of Prometheus." The right way to read this book is to dip into it at widely spaced intervals; thus neither its manner nor its matter will prove indigestible, and the reader will enjoy at his leisure such strange episodes as Dr. Moseley unroping himself from his companions on the Matterhorn and presently plunging to his death, and Andreas Maurer, as he set off on his last climb, handing his pipe to the *hôte* with—"I shall probably never ask for it back."

H. K.

The Gadarene Slope

Such is Life (NICHOLSON AND WATSON, 9/6) depicts what one might call from the spiritual point of view the European scrap-heap: from Victoria's Jubilee to the fall of France in the second world war. Religion is the alpha and omega of this novel; but religion has little to do with the intervening letters of the alphabet as traced by Jack Bentschen, whose career as a non-practising Jew might, apart from material advantages and handicaps, have been that of a non-practising Christian. Mr. HARRY J. GREENWALL has hardly risen to the greatest opportunity of his theme: which is to show that where a cult and a culture are integrated—as here they are not—both have the roots of survival. A shoddy, middle-class Hebrew family of Maida Vale, still true to its legalistic traditions and a certain clannish loyalty, produces a second generation to whom the first claims mean little and the second increasingly less. Its decadent saga is related at great and unrelieved length. With the possible exception of the journalist hero's mother, you meet nothing with a soul to call its own throughout the thronged pages of Mr. Bentschen's objectless Odyssey. Ultimately, with

a compassion which life is unlikely to extend, though death might, he and we are shown what he has really valued and slighted.

H. P. E.

Take Twelve Eggs . . .

MR. ROMILLY FEDDEN knows his Brillat-Savarin and his French kitchen intimately, but in *Food and Other Frailties* (SEELEY SERVICE, 15/-) he seems quite unaware of the state of the English larder. He writes not nostalgically but blithely in the present. Cream flows smoothly through his pages, he urges the virtues of a long list of classic English cheeses as if the shops were crawling with them, while in comparing unfavourably our use of butter in cooking with that of the French he surpasses himself with the phrase "We in England use it sparingly." We do, indeed. His book is a little prosy in places, a little sketchy in its wanderings, but apart from his resolute disregard of reality its accounts of adventures in gastronomy show a lively feeling for the arts of the kitchen and a love for the French way of life with which it is easy to sympathize. Not all his recipes are beyond us, and many of the dishes he describes can still be found in France, at a price. There is a sound chapter on wine, though the growths of the Rhine and Moselle are surely dismissed too cavalierly; the admirable guide-book of the Club des Sans Club is not, as he suggests, confined to the area within three hundred kilometres of Paris, to which in fact a smaller and separate edition is devoted; in rightly praising the beautiful oysters of the Belon River in Finistère he might have mentioned that molluscoid paradise, Riec. This is a book of mixed quality, but it is generous in its desire to share good things with others, and some very nice black-and-white drawings by the author add to its flavour.

E. O. D. K.

"Be Proud, Wrens!"

The words above are nearly the last ones in *Blue Tapestry* (HOLLIS AND CARTER, 15/-), an official and, also, very personal history of the W.R.N.S., written by their Director, Dame VERA LAUGHTON MATHEWS. It may surprise those who are shy of women in uniform to discover that such a great and motherly humanity should go with such dignity and organizing ability, for the book is lightened by many pleasant little stories. One is about a defaulting Wren who was brought before the Commodore for breaking bounds—"She raised innocent eyes to his (I am told she was very pretty) and said, 'Sir, have you never been tempted?'" Then there is a charming description of two very young electricians—"Up through a turret came the half of two Wrens, in tawny duffle coats and pointed hoods, their faces whipped pink in the cold air, their paws resting on the rim for all the world like two little bunnies." The most astonishing thing about this very exact and detailed book is that it was written from memory, for, though the author had access to official records, she kept no notes or diaries. It begins in 1917 when the Admiralty first approved the employment of women on various shore duties, it ends with a description of the Victory March, and in between comes the whole story of work done in the British Isles, Malta, the Middle East, India, and (after D Day) France. Dame MATHEWS is proud, and rightly, of all the official tributes, but prouder still, one fancies, of one farewell letter—"It was so easy in the W.R.N.S. to love one's neighbour as oneself."

B. E. B.

Bull-Frog's Little Bully

Mussolini's son-in-law and Foreign Secretary, Count Ciano, took part in some hundreds of momentous conversations-of-state in the critical years between 1936 and 1942. Sometimes he drew up a formal note of what had passed

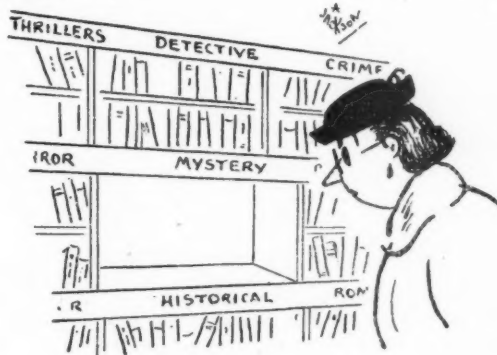
and sometimes he made a record, supposedly private, in a diary, but whether the persons concerned were Ribbentrop or Hitler or Sumner Welles or Franco or Neville Chamberlain or the Duce himself, not to mention a score of less well-known diplomats from all over Europe, the dutiful little scribe knew well that his lord and master would see the script, and accordingly Ciano's *Diplomatic Papers* (ODHAMS, 17/6) never fail to be adoringly adulatory. At the same time, comically, they never cease attempting to convey an impression of the writer's own immense strength of peremptory purpose and profundity of observation. The contrast between this swelling assumption of imperial quality at secondhand and a reality in which the poor man is only too ready to flap and panic comes out with grim pleasantry in a book that unfortunately stops short of the final deflation. From a more serious point of view, and thanks to Mr. MALCOLM MUGGERIDGE's admirable editing and stitching together, these records, a quarry of raw material for the historian, present a devastating picture of the flocculent floundering of the well-meaning statesmen of democratic countries seeking a paper peace from sneering dictators set on aggressive war and deterred for a little only by their most well-founded mutual mistrust.

C. C. P.

A Woman's Whole Existence

Hardy, with what at the time was a provocative gesture, described his most famous heroine as a pure woman. Mr. MORCHARD BISHOP might have applied the same epithet, though in a chemical rather than a moral sense, to *Valerie* (GOLLANCZ, 9/6)—if, that is to say, the essence of femininity be, as Mr. A. M. Ludovici would have us believe, an exclusive preoccupation with the male. For Valerie, whose chequered but fundamentally monotonous story Mr. BISHOP relates from birth to early middle age, is really concerned with very little else. On the jacket of her book she is called "a woman of unusual sensitiveness and integrity," and this description may also be accepted if sensitiveness is to be equated with susceptibility and integrity with singlemindedness. Her creator's attitude towards her is a little unusual. He follows her in her relations with her three lovers, of whom the second becomes her husband, not only with detachment but with a bland refusal to accept responsibility for actions which, after all, are his own invention. He quite often confesses himself puzzled by her (so that his reader may be excused if he too is puzzled), and he certainly does not make it clear why she does not dislike the man she has married even more than she actually does. As for the third and presumably final lover, Mr. BISHOP seems to have despaired of even trying to make him coherent. Altogether this is rather an odd book; of which the moral would appear to be that the idea of love is more satisfactory than the reality.

F. B.



At the Ballet

Cinderella (COVENT GARDEN)

FREDERICK ASHTON has produced his first three-act ballet, *Cinderella*, with great success. It is in the classical medium, which at first leads one to expect—quite unreasonably—that it will follow the Tchaikowsky-Petipa pattern and, like *Swan Lake* or the *Sleeping Princess*, work to a climax in the shape of an imposing *pas de deux* for the *prima ballerina* and her partner. It does nothing of the sort—and why should it? There is no more reason why a ballet should be conceived as a background for the virtuosity of the *ballerina* than that opera should exist to enable the *prima donna* to give a display of vocal acrobatics. The classical *pas de deux*, like the formal coloratura aria, is admirable in itself; but many miles of tarlatan have flitted across the ballet stage since the days of Petipa.

In *Cinderella* Mr. ASHTON has woven a continuous choreographic web which unfolds with ease and charm for the whole of the three acts. As he showed with his beautiful *Symphonic Variations* he has made the classical idiom his own. His choreography at its best really "sings"; and in *Cinderella* it sings even though, unhappily for everyone, PROKOFIEFF's music does not. It contrives to be gay, too, though all the gaiety PROKOFIEFF seems able to muster is a mirthless cackle. The

contrast in the musical treatment accorded by Tchaikowsky to his *Swan Princess*, for example, and by PROKOFIEFF to his *Cinderella*, is positively painful. Tchaikowsky transports his audience to fairyland and fills the mind with the tender beauty of his Princess long before she appears; so that when we at last behold her she is arrayed in the beauty of our imagining as well as in her own. Not so PROKOFIEFF's unlucky *Cinderella*. She is indeed a dreary little girl in rags seated among the ashes; and during the whole of three acts PROKOFIEFF manages to suggest nothing more romantic than a vitreous - enamelled, chromium - fitted milk-bar. And, owing no doubt largely to the fact that he had to take this bleak score as his starting point and relate his designs to it, JEAN-DENIS MALCLÈS' décors are not much better. There are some charming transformations depicting the four seasons, and BERYL GREY wears a striking *Winter* costume of icicles and silver rime-covered branches; but the designs as a whole are cold.

The success of *Cinderella*, therefore, represents a triumph of FREDERICK ASHTON and his cast against heavy odds. Two dancers share the title-rôle—MOIRA SHEARER and VIOLETTA ELVIN. Miss ELVIN is accomplished but has not sufficient personality to counterbalance the riotously funny *Ugly Sisters*; but Miss SHEARER's every look and every movement remind one of that fairy-tale princess

whose feet, it was said, seemed to faint with rapture at the beauty and grace they bore. She is graceful as a lily, fresh as a wild rose and is crowned with her glorious hair. When she is left all alone and dresses up her broom in a green kerchief to make believe it is a handsome prince, and dances with it until loneliness engulfs the pretence and she drops it, it is heartrending; and when she marries the Prince she shimmers with happiness like a thousand dew-drops.

But oh, the *Ugly Sisters*! There is a timid one (FREDERICK ASHTON) dressed in the sourest possible shade of greenish-yellow, who peeps apprehensively out from beneath a tall sandy wig, for all the world like a frightened mouse peering out of a haycock; while her sister (ROBERT HELPMANN) in furious purple and a fan (used at one moment with the extreme of archness and the next like a truncheon) is of an aggressive hauteur that baffles description. These two are uproariously funny, whether they are competing for the attention of a man, trying on hats, or having a dancing lesson, but they never for an instant overstep the boundary that divides wit from slapstick.

The most interesting male rôle is that of the *Jester*, brilliantly danced by ALEXANDER GRANT. JOHN HART and MICHAEL SOMES share the rôle of the *Prince*, and PAMELA MAY is a brilliant *Fairy Godmother*. WARWICK BRAITHWAITE conducts. D. C. B.

The Mountain and the (Hydro-Electric) Flood

WILLIAM DUNBAR would not have felt it like this; but I,
The prey of all the Romantics and Ruskin, the industrialized, middle-class,
Must babble of colour and form poured out on the loch and the sky,
Must lie on the hill with my cheek to the earth and my lips to the grass,
Straining and stressing and waiting for the cloud on the land to pass.

Scott was with me then, and Burns came over the hill,
And "Hills of home" from Samoa I heard a far voice call;
But Dunbar in the Faith was armoured, and Hume in reason and will,
They never fashed their heads whether profits were great or small,
Or whether equal with equals their Scotland appeared at all.

Prelates, not tourists and shareholders, kept Dunbar awake.
Now the glens are "ripe for development" by the man with soul so dead;
The tunnelled hill, the power-house and the artificial lake
Proclaim we are saving our country. To this the Romantics have led.
Dominion status or sunsets? But the Makars remain unread.

Now the worker of the derelict croft doth on his deathbed lie,
And the universal tourist and factory-hand gape to be his heir.
The hotels will be grand and the holiday camps will give boredom the lie,
While alien blood transfusion will save us all from despair.
Are a hundred strangers more powerful than five of the land who care?



Letter to an Absent Daughter

DARLING,—Daddy wants you to go to Kew Gardens and look at the Cactus House. He bought a new one yesterday but he's lost the ticket with its name. It's green with prickles. Would you inquire about it?

Have Harold's friends said he isn't married?

Are you eating anything? Mrs. Peterson's friend's daughter has a bed-sitting-room like you and her mother's frantic because she's gone like a skeleton. If you don't eat you may not feel it now but you will when you are my age. The reason your scrambled egg turned into a pancake must have been because you put flour in it don't do that.

Are you wearing your vest?

Darling, there is something terribly important I have to tell you. You simply won't believe it. I can't tell you how horrified I was when

The potatoes boiled over just then and I had to go and do them. Such a mess. All over the floor. Water. From the saucepan. Now I've forgotten what I was going to say. Never mind.

Who is Peter? Is he married? What does he do? What is his father? Where does he live? Do you like him? What does he look like? What is his other name? Have you been out with him? What is his mother like? Has he any brothers and sisters?

Daddy won five shillings on the football pools, but he says you are not to do it.

Have you written to Auntie Joan? She says you haven't. I do think you might. She knitted all sorts of things for you when you were a baby.

I saw in the papers the other day that a woman had her bag snatched in Oxford Street. I do hope you are careful. *Hold* it firmly all the time.

People in London are different and you must *watch out*.

Write soon, darling. Do you want a hot-water bottle?

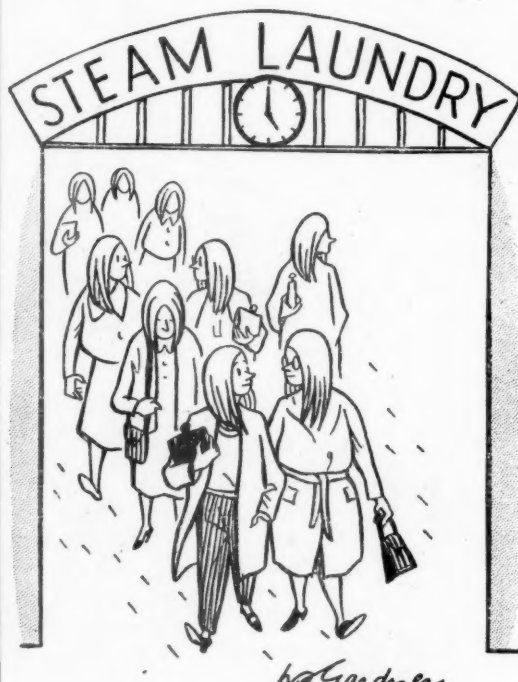
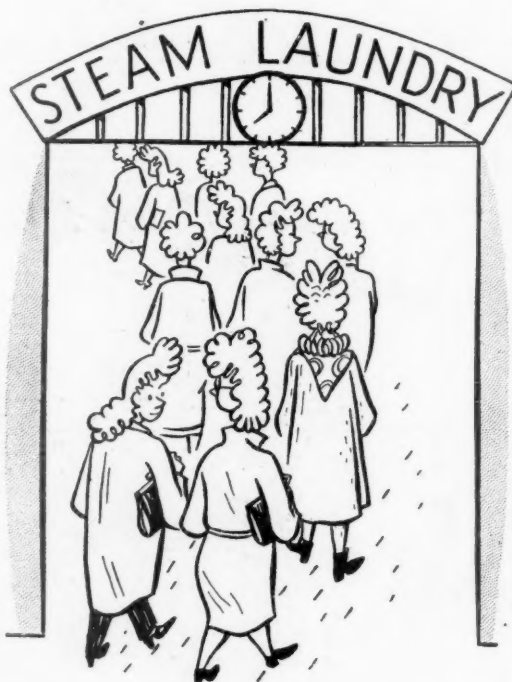
All our love,
MOTHER.

P.S.—If you were run over or broke your leg you'd let me know, wouldn't you?

Looking Back

BEFORE it's too late
I should like to state
That my choice
Of the funniest thing not heard
In 1948.

Would be the recorded voice
Of a professor, on the Third,
Saying "History never
Repeats itself never
Repeats itself never
Repeats itself never . . ."



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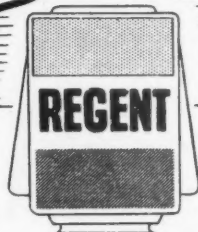
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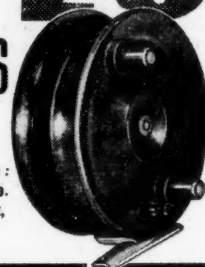
Punch, January 12 1949



SALMON records are many, but the one weighing 103 lbs. taken from the Forth in 1902 is still talked about in angling circles, and when fishermen talk of records they are often reminded of ELO fishing reels with their long record of reliability under all conditions.

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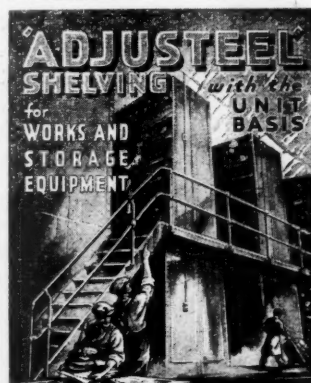
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That's how we all feel. But this country is our garden. We don't want it over-run. We've got to keep the fences in good repair.

Well, who's threatening to over-run it? Besides, if anyone wants to try they won't send us a postcard. They'll push a few buttons and we'll all be in Timbuctoo.

It's not as simple as that. A new war might spring some surprises but don't forget we have scientific weapons of defence.

That's good news. But where do I come in? You'll have the National Service men to man your defences. Aren't they going to serve as Territorials after their demob?

True, but they aren't seasoned campaigners. They need leadership from experienced men. That's where you come in. For the next few years we shall need you, and chaps like you who will spare some time to make this new Territorial Army a first-class, scientific defence force ready for the day we hope will never come. How much spare time?

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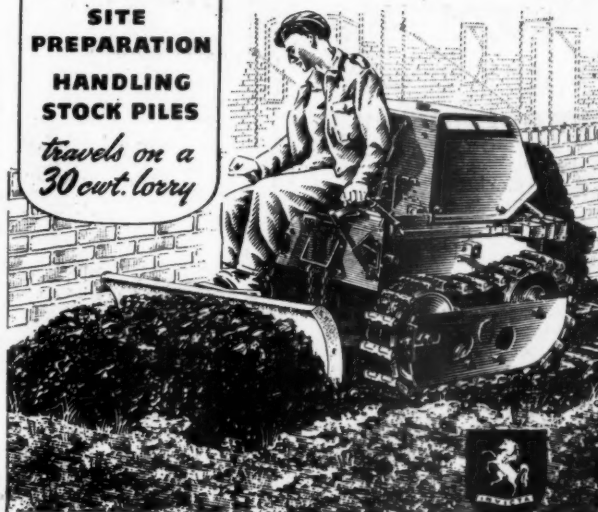
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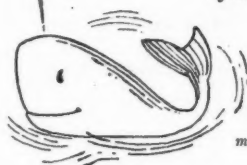
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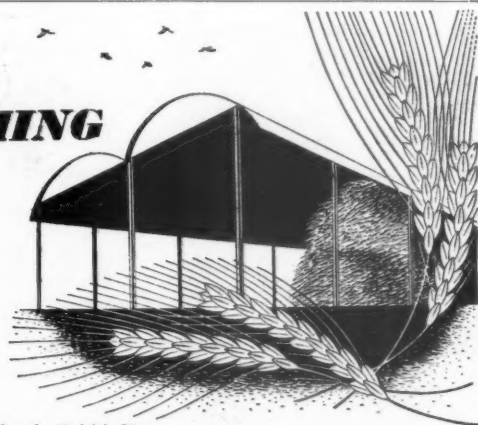


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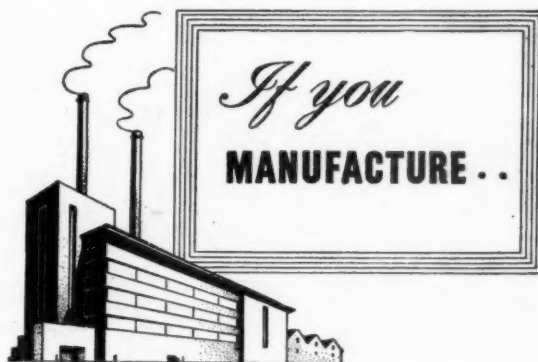


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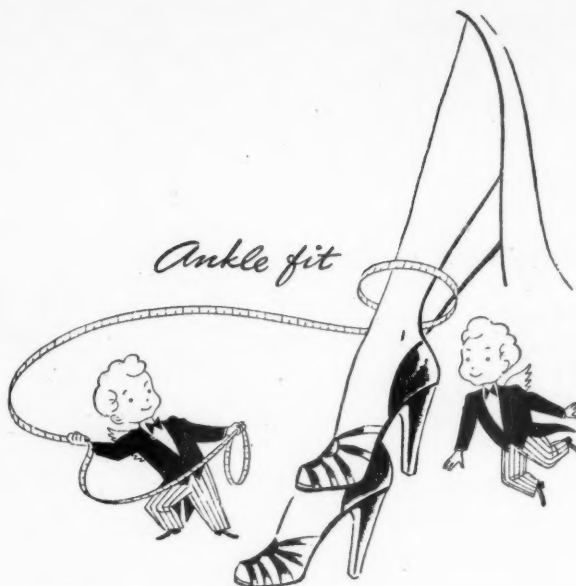
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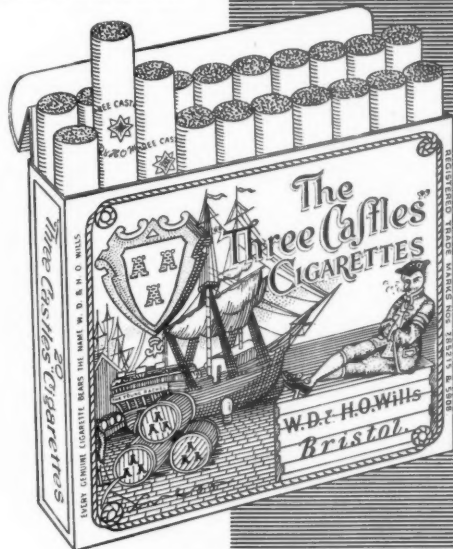


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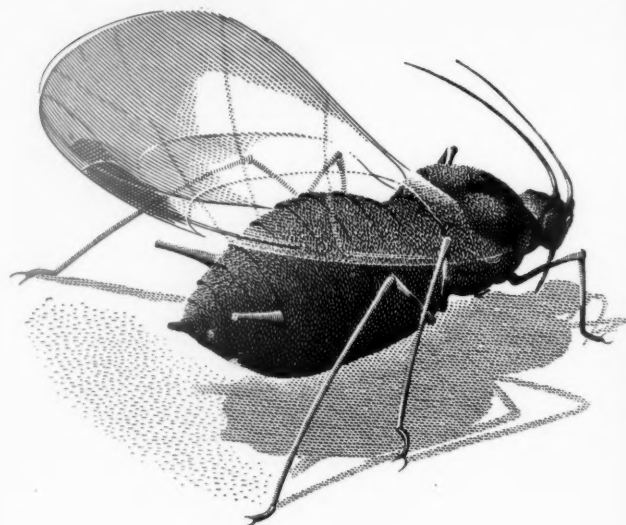


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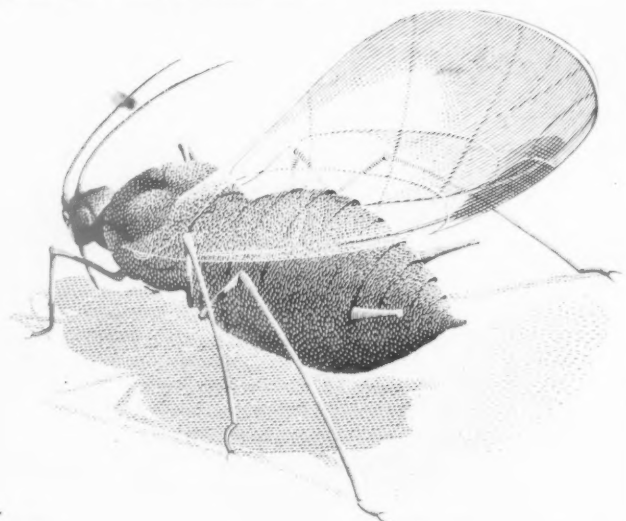
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So writes this Barneys Smoker (M.D., F.R.S. Edin.) about Tins, accumulated between 1940 and 1945, and opened in 1946.

Some things there are which Time improves. Barneys is one. Like good Wine, it mellows with the years. From the Arctic and the Tropics, we continue to learn of Tins, opened after years of storage and forgetfulness, which show this same characteristic ... “the flavour had improved.”

“When the last War started, I had been smoking Barneys for over 20 years. When I was no longer able to get it, I had an arrangement with my local dealer to continue to supply my usual weekly amount, which was delivered to my home, and stored up week by week. In this way, I accumulated supplies from 1940 to 1945. In 1946, when I was able to get at my accumulated store, in chronological order, it seemed to me that the flavour had improved with keeping, and as you may well imagine, it was a source of great joy, which was not made any less to me, a North Countryman, by the knowledge that it had cost me much less than the then current price.”

(The original letter can be inspected.)

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EVERYWHERE!

Two generations of Pipemen have been recommending Barneys to other Smokers because of its sheer goodness. Wisely you may follow their friendly lead. Smokers abroad can arrange for regular personal despatches, Ex-Bond and British Duty Free, in 2 lb. parcels, to many lands but not, as yet, to all.

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